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MEMOIRS OF A PROTESTANT

VOLUME FIRST

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This Edition is limited to One Thousand copies, of which Five Hundred are for sale in America.

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London Saturday 11th 1758

Recd of Mr Edward [redacted] Dilly Six Pounds thirteen Shillings and four pence in full for his third Share of my translation of a Book intitled Memoirs of a Protestant Condemned to the Gallies for Religion, &c

£6 13 4

Oliver Goldsmith

[Jean Marteilhe]

THE

MEMOIRS
OF A PROTESTANT

CONDEMNED TO THE GALLEYS OF FRANCE
FOR HIS RELIGION

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

TRANSLATED BY
OLIVER GOLDSMITH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
AUSTIN DOBSON

LONDON: J. M. DENT & CO.
ALDINE HOUSE, 69 Great Eastern Street, E.C.
NEW YORK: DODD, MEAD & CO.
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INTRODUCTION.

THAT threadbare dictum of Terentianus Maurus touching books and their destinies, was never more exactly verified than by the history of the record of which the present volume is a reprint. In the year 1757 was issued at Rotterdam, by J. and D. Beman and Son of that city, a little thick *octavo* of 552 pages, "on grey paper with blunt type," of which the following is the textual title:—'*Mémoires d'un Protestant, Condamné aux Galères de France pour Cause de Religion; écrits par lui même: Ouvrage, dans lequel, outre le récit des souffrances de l'Auteur depuis* 1700 *jusqu'en* 1713; *on trouvera diverses Particularités curieuses, relatives à l'Histoire de ce Temps-là, & une Description exacte des Galères & de leur Service.*' In 1774 a second edition of the book was published at the Hague, to be followed four years later by a third. In the Rotterdam impression the names of some

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of the personages and localities had been simply indicated by initials; in the third issue of 1778, the author having died not many months before, these particulars were inserted at full. It then transpired that the Memoirs, concerning the authenticity of which, from internal evidence, there could never have been any reasonable doubt, were those of a certain Jean Marteilhe of Bergerac on the Dordogne, in the Province of Perigord in France, and that they had been edited and prepared for the press from Marteilhe's manuscripts by M. Daniel de Superville — probably the second of that name, since Daniel de Superville, the elder, a notable personage among the leaders of the Reformed Church, had long been dead when the book appeared in its first form.

Circulating chiefly among the members of a proscribed community, and published in a foreign country, these remarkable autobiographical experiences, notwithstanding their three editions, had practically been lost sight of in France until some thirty years ago; and the account of their revival—as partly recorded in a lengthy note to the excellent *Forçats pour la Foi* of M. Coquerel Fils—

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is sufficiently curious. About 1865, according to M. Coquerel, copies of the book were so rare as to be almost unobtainable. There was none in the Bibliothèque Nationale of France; and the only example known in Paris belonged to a Protestant banker, M. Félix Vernes, by whom it had been lent occasionally to historical students and connoisseurs. At Amsterdam, there was a second copy in the library of M. Van Woortz, and it was believed that other copies existed in Holland. There was also, or at all events there is now, a copy at the British Museum. Meanwhile, the book had greatly impressed the fortunate few into whose hands it had come. Michelet, who makes mention of it both in his *Louis XIV et le Duc de Bourgogne*, and his *Louis XIV et le Révocation*, spoke of it in terms of the highest enthusiasm. It was written (he said) "*comme entre terre et ciel.*" Why was it not re-printed? The reply lay no doubt in the difficulty of procuring a copy to print from; and its ultimate reproduction was the result of an accident. In a Catalogue of German books, M. François Vidal, pastor of the Reformed Church at Bergerac, came upon the title of a work purporting

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to relate the history of a fugitive Camisard. Himself a native of the Cevennes, and therefore specially interested in the subject, he sent for the volume, only to discover that, instead of relating to "the fanatics of Languedoc" (as Gibbon calls them), it was really an account of a Pèrigourdin protestant who, after the Revocation, more than a century and a half before, of the Edict of Nantes, had fled from that very Bergerac in which he (M. Vidal) was then exercising his calling. He had seen some extracts from M. Vernes' copy of Marteilhe's *Memoirs*, which had been made public in the Journal of an historical Society (the *Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme français*), and he felt convinced that, notwithstanding certain (to him) transparent disguises of personages and localities, he was reading, in German, the story of Jean Marteilhe. He accordingly wrote, through the publisher of the German book, to its author, who proved to be the copious Dr Christian Gottlob Barth, the founder of the Calwer Verlags-Verein in Wurtemburg, and a well-known writer on theological subjects. Dr Barth informed M. Vidal that the material for the adventures of

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his supposititious Camisard, whom he had christened Mantal, had been derived from F. E. Rambach's *Schicksal der Protestanten in Frankreich*, a work published at Halle in 1760, and alleged to be no longer procurable. Thereupon M. Vidal set about reconstructing the history in the light of this discovery. He translated Barth's summary into French, restored to Marteilhe the name of which Barth, with nothing but initials in his source of information, had been ignorant, and then (having by good luck chanced upon a copy of the Rotterdam edition at Le Fleix, not many miles from Bergerac) incorporated with his version some of the more striking passages of the original record. Why he did not at once substitute that original for the summary, is, in all probability, to be explained by difficulties in the way of obtaining prolonged access to the Le Fleix copy. But the revelation of Marteilhe to France, even in mangled form, was still to be deferred. A portion of M. Vidal's book had no sooner made its appearance in *L'Église réformée*, a journal issued at Nîmes, than that journal was suddenly suppressed. In 1863 he therefore printed on his

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own account what he had written, in the form of a small 12mo pamphlet. One result of this publication—to which he still somewhat unaccountably gave the title of *La Fuite du Camisard*—was to stimulate search for further copies of the original Memoirs, another of which was found soon after in La Vendée, and was acquired by the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. Finally, in 1865, the *Société des Écoles du Dimanche* printed the complete text from the copy of M. Vernes, with four fancy illustrations by the marine artist, Morel-Fatio,* and a Preface and Appendices by M. Henri Paumier. Of this, four thousand copies were sold between 1865 and 1881, in which latter year a new and revised edition, with a second Preface by M. Paumier, was put forth. In the interim, an English version was published under the auspices of the Re-

* M. Antoine-Léon Morel-Fatio, whose illustrations are not reproduced in the English and American Editions, should have been well qualified for his task. He is described as the "Horace Vernet of the sea-piece," and was a worthy rival of Isabey and Gudin. He died of grief at the Louvre in 1871, when the Prussians entered Paris.

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ligious Tract Society, which, in addition to a translator's Preface, gave some further particulars respecting Marteilhe himself said to be derived from an article in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1866, though they are there admittedly taken from M. Coquerel. To these again, some slight supplementary contributions were made by the French editor in his "new and revised edition" of 1881. The translation of the Religious Tract Society was also issued in New York in 1867 by Messrs Leypoldt and Holt under the title of *The Huguenot Galley-Slave.*

From what has been stated above, it will be seen that, previously to the issue by the *Société des Écoles du Dimanche*, no edition of the original Memoirs had been published in France. But it will also be observed that, as early as 1760, or only three years after their first appearance in the United Provinces of the Netherlands, those Memoirs had been incorporated in abridged form with Rambach's *Schicksal der Protestanten in Frankreich.* What is perhaps even more remarkable is, that—as M. Coquerel and the English translator of

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1866 did not fail to point out—they had been translated earlier still in this country, where, indeed, they appear to have attracted immediate attention in their first form, since the *Monthly Review* for May, 1757, includes them in its "Catalogue of Foreign Publications." They must have been "Englished" shortly afterwards, for, in February, 1758, Ralph Griffiths of the *Dunciad* in Paternoster Row, the proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, and Edward Dilly of the *Rose and Crown* in the Poultry, issued conjointly, in two volumes, 12mo, a version entitled *The Memoirs of a Protestant Condemned to the Galleys of France, for his Religion. Written by Himself.* To this followed, upon the title-page, a lengthy description of the contents, differing from that of the French original, in so far as it laid stress upon the fact that the "Protestant" was "at last set free, at the Intercession of the Court of *Great Britain*;" —and the work was further stated to be "Translated from the Original, just published at the *Hague* [*Rotterdam*?], by James Willington." For this enigmatical "James Willington," whose name as an author is otherwise entirely unknown to fame, it has long

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been the custom to read "Oliver Goldsmith." Goldsmith, in fact, was actually engaged as a writer of all work upon the *Monthly Review* when the Rotterdam edition was announced among its foreign books. To the same May number in which that announcement appeared, he supplied notices of Home's *Douglas*, of Burke *On the Sublime and Beautiful*, and of the new four-volume issue of Colman and Thornton's *Connoisseur*. He continued to work for Griffiths' magazine until the Septeniber following, when, for reasons not now discoverable with certainty, he ceased his contributions to its pages.

What appears to be the earliest ascription to his pen of the English version of the *Memoirs* of Marteilhe is to be found in the Life prefixed by Isaac Reed to the *Poems of Goldsmith and Parnell*, 1795. Here he is stated to have received twenty guineas for the work from Mr Edward Dilly. The next mention of it occurs in the biographical sketch by Dr John Aikin in the *Goldsmith's Poetical Works* of 1805. Dr Aikin says (p. xvi) that Goldsmith sold the book to Dilly for twenty guineas. Prior (*Life of Goldsmith*, 1837, i. 252) confirms this,

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upon the authority of Reed; and he further alleges, though without giving his authority, that Griffiths "acknowledged it [the translation] to be by Goldsmith." Forster follows suit (1848, p. 107; and 1877, i. 129) by stating that "the property of the book belonged to Griffiths," and that "the position of the translator appears in the subsequent assignment of the manuscript by the Paternoster-row bookseller to bookseller Dilly of the Poultry, at no small profit to Griffiths, for the sum of twenty guineas." Reed, it will be observed, says that Goldsmith received the twenty guineas; Aikin, that Goldsmith sold the book; Prior, as usual, writes so loosely as to be ambiguous, and Forster, although, in his last edition, he cites Reed and Aikin as his authorities, affirms that Griffiths sold it to Dilly. None of these statements would seem to be exactly accurate. The translation of the *Memoirs of a Protestant* was in reality sold by the author—much as, some years since, it was ascertained that the *Vicar of Wakefield* was sold *—in three separate shares. By the kindness of

* See the Preface to the *facsimile* Reproduction of the First Edition, Elliot Stock, 1885.

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the late Mr Edward Ford of Enfield, a devoted student of Goldsmith, the present writer was favoured with a transcript of Goldsmith's receipt for one of these shares from the hitherto unpublished original in Mr Ford's possession. * It runs as follows :—

LONDON *Jan*^{y} 11th 1758

Rec'd of M^{r} Edward Dilly six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence, in full for his third share of my trans--lation of a Book entitled *Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Gallies for Religion*, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

£6 " 13 " 4

From this document, the signature only of which is in the handwriting of the poet, two things are clear,—first, that Goldsmith himself sold the book to Dilly and two others, one being Griffiths, whose name is on the title-page; and, secondly, that the translation was by Goldsmith and not by James Willington.

* This receipt now belongs to his son and successor, Mr J. W. Ford, of Enfield Old Park, who permits us to reproduce it in *facsimile*.

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But why, it may be asked, was the name of Willington (an old Trinity College acquaintance of Goldsmith) put forward in this connection? The question is one to which it is not easy to give a wholly satisfactory answer. Mr Forster, it is true, does not feel any difficulty in replying. "At this point," he says, "there is very manifest evidence of despair." But it is a characteristic of Mr Forster's sympathetic and admirable biography that it occasionally appears to be written under the influence of preconceptions, and the evidence he mentions, however manifest, is certainly not produced. Mr Forster fills the gap with eloquent disquisition on the obstacles in the path of genius, and so conducts his hero back to Dr Milner's door at Peckham.* How Goldsmith subsisted in the interval between his ceasing to write regularly for the *Monthly Review* and his return to his old

* "Time's devouring hand," it may be noted here (for the chronicler of the fugitive must make his record where he can), has now removed all trace of Dr John Milner's Peckham Academy, which stood in Goldsmith Road (formerly Park Lane), opposite the southern end of Lower Park Road. It was pulled down in 1891.

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work as an usher, is no doubt obscure. But it is probable that there was little variation in his manner of living, although his labours were not performed under *surveillance* in the Back Parlour of the *Dunciad.* It has been discovered that about this time he was contributing portions of a *History of Our Own Times* to the *Literary Magazine*; and it is also conjectured that these were not his sole contributions to that and other periodicals. Moreover, the version of Marteilhe's Memoirs must have been made in the last months of 1757, since the above receipt is dated January 11, 1758, and the book was published in the following February. In addition to this, he was again, by his own account, attending patients as a doctor. "By a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet,"—he tells his brother-in-law Hodson in December, 1757, "I make a shift to live." He was in debt, no doubt; but he had already, says the same communication, "discharged his most threatening and pressing demands." Upon the whole,—Mr Forster's "very manifest evidence" not being forthcoming, — it must be concluded

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that Goldsmith's position after ceasing to write for the *Monthly Review* (though not for Griffiths) was much what it had been before that event, perhaps even better, because he was more free; and this being so, we are driven to the commonplace solution that, even in his Salisbury Square garret, he was too conscious of those higher things within him to care to identify himself with a mere imitation "out of the French," executed for bread, and not for reputation; and that he put Willington's name to the book in default of a better. He gave evidence of his genius in his most careless private letter; he could not help it; but the man who refrained from signing the *Citizen of the World* may be excused from signing the translated *Memoirs of a Protestant.*

That the translation produced under these conditions might have been better if the translator had taken more pains, is but to turn Goldsmith's *bon mot* against himself. *Verbum verbo reddere*—was scarcely his ambition, and those who wish for plainsailing fidelity will do well, if they cannot compass the French original, to consult the rendering of the Religious Tract Society. The chief merits of

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the version now offered to the reader are first, that it is a contemporary version, demonstrably from Goldsmith's pen, and secondly, that it is Goldsmith's earliest appearance in book-form. It is not only characterised by its writer's unique and peculiar charm, but it is as delightful to read as any of his acknowledged journey-work. Even Griffiths of the *Dunciad*, who reviewed it himself in the *Monthly Review* for May, 1758, cannot deny its merits in this respect. Speaking of the "ingenious Translator," he observes that he "really deserves this epithet, on account of the spirit of the performance, tho'," he adds grudgingly, "we have little to say in commendation of his accuracy." *

* Goldsmith certainly deals freely with his text, occasionally suppressing altogether what he regards as redundant. Now and then he adds little touches of his own. Speaking of the soup prepared by the Lille gaoler, he says—"Even *Lacedemonian* black Broth could not be more nauseous." There is nothing in the original of this classic dietary, and, what is more, Marteilhe would hardly have used the simile. Elsewhere the decoration is in what Matthew Arnold calls the "Rule Britannia" vein. Of a certain valiant sea-captain the Memoir tells us —"*Ce capitaine, qui n'avait plus rien à faire pour mettre*

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Upon this latter count, there is one thing that may be said; and it is all that is needful. In telling, at p. 20, the story of the abjuration by Marteilhe's mother of her Huguenot faith, Goldsmith makes her add to her declaration that she was "compelled by Fear." This is obviously inexact, seeing that the French original runs—"*elle ajouta ces mots*: la Force me le fait faire, *faisant sans doute allusion au nom du Duc*" (*i.e.* the Duke de la Force). But all this, as we know, must have been Greek to Goldsmith, because the names in the *editio princeps* of 1757, from which he was translating, were not given at full.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this "Introduction," to enlarge upon the extraordinary interest and unvarnished veracity of these *Memoirs of a Protestant*. But of Marteilhe himself a few supplementary words may here not inappropriately be added. "The Author" [of the *Memoirs*], says Goldsmith in his Preface, "is still alive,

sa flotte en sûreté, rendit son épée." Goldsmith translates—"At last the Captain gave up his Sword without further Parley, like a real *Englishman*, despising Ceremony when Ceremony could be no longer useful."

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and known to Numbers, not only in *Holland* but *London*"; and it is quite possible that, in one or other of these places, Goldsmith himself may have seen and conversed with him. An *Avertissement des Libraires* prefixed to the Rotterdam edition, but not reproduced by Goldsmith or M. Paumier, is equally confirmatory of the authenticity of the book: "*Des Personnes de caractère, & dignes de toute créance, nous ont assurés, que cet Ouvrage á êté véritablement composé par un de ces Protestans, condamnés aux Galères de France pour cause de Religion, & qui en furent delivrés par l'intercession de la Reine* ANNE *d'Angleterre peu après la paix* d' Utrecht. *Les mêmes Personnes nous ont dit, qu'elles ont eu des liaisons personelles avec l'Auteur; qu'elles ne doutent pas de sa bonne foi & de sa probité; & qu'elles sont persuadées, qu'autant que sa mémoire a pu lui rappeller les faits, cette Relation est exacte.*" Opposite the word "*créance,*" in the British Museum copy, is written in an old hand "Mrs Dumont & De Superville." As Daniel de Superville Senior was dead in 1757, the De Superville here mentioned was no doubt his son of the same Christian name,—a doctor, who, as above

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suggested, was probably the editor of Marteilhe's manuscripts. After this come naturally the details given, from Coquerel and elsewhere, in M. Paumier's second Preface, and already referred to. Marteilhe, we learn, did not reside permanently in the Netherlands—"that Land of Liberty and Happiness," as Goldsmith renders "*Ces heureuses Provinces*"—but for some time was in business in London. He died at Cuylenberg, in Guelderland, on the 4th November, 1777, at the age of ninety-three. Little is known about his family; but it is believed that he had a daughter who was married at Amsterdam to an English Naval Officer of distinction, Vice-Admiral Douglas.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

EALING, *January* 1895.

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THE

MEMOIRS

OF A

PROTESTANT,

Condemned to the GALLEYS of FRANCE, For His RELIGION.

Written by HIMSELF.

Comprehending an Account of the various Distresses he suffered in Slavery; and his Constancy in supporting almost every Cruelty that bigotted Zeal could inflict or Human Nature sustain; also a Description of the Galleys, and the Service in which they are employed.

The Whole interspersed with Anecdotes relative to the General History of the Times, for a Period of Thirteen Years; during which the Author continued in Slavery, 'till he was at last set free, at the Intercession of the Court of *Great Britain*.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Translated from the Original, just published at the *Hague*, By JAMES WILLINGTON.

LONDON:
Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, at the *Dunciad*, in *Paternoster-row*; and E. DILLY, at the *Rose* and *Crown*, in the *Poultry*.

M.DCC.LVIII.

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THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE Praise by which a Translator attempts to advance the Reputation of his Original, is usually considered as an indirect Claim to Applause on his own Account. Though he may not stand in the full Lustre of his own Panegyric, yet such are his Connections with his Author, that he receives it by Reflection, and tacitly compliments himself, at least, for Judgment in his Choice.

ASSURANCES on his Part, however, seldom influence the Approbation of the Public, but frequently incur its Contempt; for if he be so unfortunate as to fail in his Promises, Falshood is added to swell the Number of his other Imperfections.

SENSIBLE of this Truth, it is not expected to enhance the Excellencies, or palliate the Faults of the succeeding MEMOIR. The

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Public will scarce be influenced in their Judgment by an obscure Prefacer; and perhaps the Work might rather suffer by his misplaced Admiration. To confess a Truth, he hardly knows how to introduce it to the public Attention, and even to procure it a Reading, among the Multiplicity of modern Publications.

PERHAPS what he thinks its Excellencies may be considered as Defects: What he hopes may give it Popularity, will contribute to consign it to Neglect. Thus, for Instance, it cannot be recommended as a grateful Entertainment to the numerous Readers of reigning Romance, as it is strictly true. No Events are here to astonish; no unexpected Incidents to surprize, no such high-finished Pictures, as captivate the Imagination, and have made Fiction fashionable. Our Reader must be content with the simple Exhibition of Truth, and consequently of Nature; he must be satisfied to see Vice triumphant, and Virtue in distress; to see men punished or rewarded, not as his Wishes, but as Pro-

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vidence has thought proper to direct; for all here wears the Face of Sincerity.

The Author, indeed, who is still alive, and known to Numbers, not only in *Holland* but *London*, has, from prudential motives, thought proper to suppress his Name; and the same Reasons that have induced him to conceal it, equally influence the Translator.

His keeping himself concealed may probably, to some, appear suspicious; yet let it be considered, that, were this the Work of Fiction, nothing could have been easier than to invent fictitious Names also; a Practice almost universally adopted by those who are indebted to Invention alone for their Materials. But such the Author chose to imitate in nothing; and his Conduct in the present Case is a Proof of the Authenticity of his Performance.

As there are little Hopes of pleasing those who delight in Improbabilities, so there is another Class of Readers whom it is as little expected to satisfy. Those who upon hearing that the Author suffered Persecution with

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Constancy, may expect also to find him talk upon all Occasions like our Enthusiasts; who attach formal Phrase, and disgusting Ejaculation to their Ideas of Religion; and imagine that every Part of History, which serves to amuse, is certainly an Infringement on Piety. Such he cannot expect to have for his Admirers; so that, between the Lovers of an idle Tale, and the Partizans of Cant and Formality, the Translator almost trembles for his Author's Reception.

As he has expressed his Fears, permit him to speak his Hopes also: And if there be any Reader who can for a Moment lay aside Romance for History; who can prefer a Picture taken from Nature to the more glaring Colourings of Fancy: If there be any who can be pleased with a Narrative inspired by Truth; and, perhaps, executed with Modesty; if we cannot deserve the Approbation of such Readers, we shall contentedly acquiesce in their Censure.

THE present Memoir commences where the Historians of those Times discontinue

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their Accounts. It carries on the Relation of a national Persecution, almost too shocking for Belief; though too well attested, not to be a lasting Monument of Disgrace to Humanity.

Lewis XIV. of *France*, induced by some pretended Conversions, and incited by those who *took Care* of the Royal Conscience, revoked the Edict of *Nantz*. This Charter was settled by Henry IV. and was the great Bulwark of Protestant Security against Ecclesiastical Persecution. The Revocation of this Edict gave Popery a full Power to tyrannize; and its unpitying Tribunals were erected over all the Kingdom. The Miseries of that Period are pathetically described even by their own Historians. Protestants were dragged from their Families; exposed to all the Insults of unguided Zeal; emaciated in Dungeons; denied the Consolation of Friendship; brought to the Rack; turning their Eyes to take a last Farewel of their Children, but only meeting an odious Priest; the Executioner bathed in the Blood of their expiring

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Friends, chiding their Delay; Their Carcasses blackening in the Sun, or exposed to rot on Dunghills!

Such was a Part of the accumulated Miseries of the Times; while Lewis, surnamed the Great, was feasting at *Versailles*, fed with the Incense of Flattery, or sunk in the lewd Embraces of a Prostitute! Can an *Englishman* hear this, and not burn with Indignation against those Foes to Religion, to Liberty, and his Country? And should not every Attempt to promote this generous Indignation meet at least Indulgence, though it should not deserve Applause. Could the present Performance teach one Individual to value his Religion, by contrasting it with the furious Spirit of Popery; could it contribute to make him enamoured with Liberty, by shewing their unhappy Situation, whose Possessions are held by so precarious a Tenure as tyrannical Caprice; could it promote his Zeal in the Cause of Humanity, or give him a Wish to imitate the Virtues of the Sufferer, or redress the Injuries of Oppression; then

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indeed the Author will not have wrote in vain: A Convert of this Kind is worth a thousand Admirers; and to attain these Ends was probably his Design; and not to gratify idle Curiosity, or erect himself into the minute Hero of his own Memoir.

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MEMOIRS

OF A

PROTESTANT.

THERE are few of my Countrymen, who have found Refuge from Persecution in this Land of Liberty and Happiness, who have not themselves experienced its Rage, or been Witnesses to its Severity on others, in almost every Province of *France*; and were each to give an Account of his own particular Sufferings, of the Calamities he either endured in his native Country, or his Distresses when forced among Strangers; the Detail would not only be pleasing from its Variety, but instructive to every Advocate for Truth. Many Authors have spoke of the Persecution in the Year 1624, in general Terms, but none (at least of those which have come to my Knowledge) have been particular in the Description of that Variety of Torments

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which each of those dear Companions of my Distresses have, like me, experienced.

As it is impossible to relate that almost infinite Number of Circumstances which attended each of my Countrymen in his Distresses, I shall confine myself, in these Memoirs, to my own particular History, and recount my Misfortunes from the Year 1700 to the Year 1713; in which I was delivered from the Gallies of *France*, at the Intercession of Queen *Anne* of *England*, of Glorious Memory.

I WAS born at *B*——[*Bergerac*], a little Town in the Province of *P*——[*Perigord*], in the Year 1684. My Parents, who lived by Merchandise, always professed, and continued till Death in, a firm Persuasion of the true Reformed Religion. Their Conduct in Life was such as might incur no Reproach, as they bred up their Children in the Fear of God, and instructed them continually in the Principles of true Religion, and a just Detestation of the Errors of Popery.

I SHALL not trouble the Reader with any Occurrence either of my Infancy or Life, till

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the Year 1700, when Persecution forced me from my Family, expelled me my native Country, and exposed my feeble Youth to all the Dangers of a Journey of more than six hundred Miles. I shall however briefly, and with the utmost Truth, relate those Circumstances of Misery, which I experienced after my Separation from my Parents, whom I was obliged to leave suffering all the Cruelties that Zeal or Caprice could inflict. But before I give any Account of my Flight from *France*, it may not be unnecessary to trace the Origin of the Persecution in the Year 1700, which raged with more than ordinary Fury in the Province where I was born.

During the War which was terminated by the Peace of *Ryswick*, the Jesuits and Priests enjoyed none of the Pleasures of Dragooning the Protestants of *France*, as the King had his Troops employed on the Frontiers of the Kingdom; but no sooner was the Peace concluded, than they were resolved to compensate for their former Inactivity. Those merciless and bloody Bigots now let loose their Fury in

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every Province where they could find Instruments upon whom to wreck their Malice. I shall confine myself to as minute a Detail as is in my Power, of those Transactions which happened particularly in the Territory of *Perigord.*

In the Year 1699 the Duke of *F*——[*de la Force*], who possessed (at least to outward Appearance) none of those favourable Sentiments with regard to the Protestant Religion for which his Ancestors were distinguished, solicited, at the Instigation of the Jesuits, Permission to go to his Estate, which was in that Country very considerable, *to convert* (as he expressed it) *the Huguenots.* In this he but seconded the Views of the Court, and it was not probable he should be refused so honourable an Employment; in effect, he quitted *Paris*, accompanied by four Jesuits, some Guards, and his own Domestics, fully resolved to put this his most pious Design into Execution.

Being arrived at the Castle of *F*——[*La Force*], distant three Miles from *B*——[*Bergerac*], he began to give Marks of the Gentleness of his Mission, and the Meekness

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of his Counsellors, by exercising the most unheard of Cruelties upon those of his Vassals who were of the Reformed Religion: Protestants of every Sex and Age were dragged from their Houses, and without further Trial underwent, in his Presence, the most shocking Tortures. Some were in this manner persecuted even to Death for not abjuring their Religion, while no other Reason but his Will was offered towards their Conviction. Thus, by Methods the most diabolical, he compelled those unhappy Men, in the most solemn Manner, to abjure the Religion of which they had made Profession, and embrace that of Popery; and caused Public Rejoicings to be made at the Village of *F*——[*La Force*] for the Success which attended his Conversions; whilst a Library, consisting of pious Books, wrote by those of the Reformed Religion, and which had been carefully collected by his Ancestors, were publickly burned, to add Splendor to his Entertainments. In this Manner he behaved also at *T*——[*Tonneins*] in *G*——[*Gascony*], seeming extremely happy

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in having an Opportunity of testifying his Zeal, though at the Expence of the Lives and Happiness of his Vassals. The Village of *B*——[*Bergerac*] was for this Time exempt from the Rigour of his Administration; but that Repose was only like the Calm which precedes a Tempest. Yet before I enter upon a Detail of their Sufferings, permit me to interrupt the Narration by an Occurrence which, though of a lighter Nature, may serve to amuse the Reader.

The Duke after the Fatigues of his Employment, used generally to repose himself in the Castle of *F*——[*La Force*], where he received, as the Reward of his Labours, the Incense of Adulation which the Monks and Priests of that Province came in Crowds to offer. It was here that an Advocate whose name was *Grenier*, came among the Throng; and as he was a Man of superior Talents, tho' perhaps somewhat too fond of displaying them, he was resolved to make one among those who flattered the Duke, and asked Permission to harangue his Grace

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in Public, which Favour was readily granted. *Grenier* was re-admitted to Audience by the Duke, seated in his Chair of State, attended by four Jesuits, two on each Side; and as soon as Permission was given him to speak, our Advocate began thus: "Your Grandfather, my Lord, was a very great Warrior; your Father a Man of true Piety; and You, my Lord, You, are a great Hunter." Here the Duke interrupted him, by asking how he came to call him an Hunter, since all knew that Hunting was not his favourite Amusement. *I conjecture so much*, replied Grenier, *from your being constantly attended by four Bloodhounds*; pointing to the Jesuits who stood by. Those Holy Fathers desired with true Christian Charity, that *Grenier* might be punished for his Insolence; but being represented to the Duke, by some who attended, as a Madman, he was content to order him from his Presence.

But to resume the Thread of my History, and to explain the Motives which induced me to a Resolution of flying from my native

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Country, and leaving behind almost every thing that was dear to me. His Grace, proud of the Success of his Conversions, informed the Court of the happy Effects of his Administration; and by exaggerating the Obstinacy of those who rejected his Mission, and displaying the Clemency of the Jesuits who were employed as his Associates, he was again reinstated in his former Employment, and returned in the Year 1700, to convert the Reformed in each of the Royal Cities of this Province, by *Dragooning* all those who should offer to reject his Mission. He made the Town of *B*——[*Bergerac*] his Place of Residence, where he brought in his Train the four Jesuits who had attended him in his former Conversions, and enforced his Commands by a Regiment of Dragoons, who being quartered at Discretion among the Citizens, made more Converts in a Day, than the Eloquence of his Associates could have done in a Year. It is scarce to be conceived the Cruelties which those Missionaries of the

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Sword employed in constraining the Citizens to hear Mass, and in compelling them to disclaim their former Opinions. The Oath administered, upon this Occasion, was filled with the most horrid Imprecations against the Reformed Religion; and this, either voluntarily, or by Compulsion, was to be signed by the unhappy Sufferers. Twenty-two Dragoons were quartered at my Father's House; but my Father himself was hauled to Prison in the Town of *P*——[*Périgueux*]. Two of my Brothers and my Sister, who were as yet but Children, were seized and confined in the worst of Prisons, a Convent. I had the good Fortune to escape, so that my unhappy Mother was the only Person of the Family who still remained at home, suffering all the Insults of those who were quartered with her; and after those merciless Creatures, the Dragoons, had stript the House of all its Furniture, and found nothing else which they could plunder, they at last dragged the poor old Woman before the Duke; who, by the severity of his Behaviour

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to her, and the Terror of his Menaces, forced her to sign her Formulary of Abjuration. All bathed in Tears, and protesting against the Violence which was offered, she intreated him to put his Threats into Execution, and at once to rid her of a Life which his severity had rendered insupportable; and even when forced to sign the Formulary, she subscribed, *compelled by Fear*. They attempted in vain to make her expunge those Words; and upon her obstinately refusing, one of the Jesuits did it himself for her.

I WAS at this Time sixteen Years old; and tho' at such an Age, few have sufficient Precaution to extricate themselves from Trouble, I had the good Fortune to escape the Vigilance of those Soldiers who were posted at all the Avenues of the Town, to prevent any Person's escaping; and accompanied by one of my Friends, I walked all Night in the Woods, and found myself at the Village of *M*——[*Mussidan*] four leagues from *B*——[*Bergerac*]. Here my Friend and

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I resolved to pursue our Journey to *Holland*, resigned to the Direction of Heaven, and prepared for every Difficulty that might happen; resolved to take a long farewell of our native Country, unlike *Lot's* Wife, without looking once behind us, determined to suffer every Torment that might be inflicted to shake our Faith, whether Imprisonment, the Gallies or Death. Thus resolved, and having implored the Protection of our Heavenly Father, we took the road to *Paris*. We consulted the strength of our Purse which we found but low, six Pistoles making our Capital. We formed a Plan of Œconomy for this our scanty Fund, designing to lodge in the most indifferent Inns, and to be as frugal as possible in all our expences. We met with no Accident worthy of Notice in our Journey to *Paris*, where we arrived on the 10th of *November*, 1700. The Plan which we had settled on our leaving the Country was, that upon our Arrival in Town, we should apply to some of our Acquaintance, who could inform us of the shortest

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and least dangerous Road to the Frontiers of the Kingdom; and we accordingly were furnished with all the necessary Information in this particular, by a Person at *Paris*, who was not less our Friend, than a Friend to the Cause for which we were thus going into voluntary exile. He gave us in Writing a route of our Journey to *Maestricht*, a fortified Town, situated on the *Meuse*, close by the formidable Forest of *Ardennes*, and which was at that Time a Frontier of the *Spanish* Netherlands. He informed us that we need be under no Apprehensions of any Accident, except upon our entering this Town; for all were permitted to go out of it without further Examination; that the Forest of *Ardennes* might favour our escape to *Charleroy*, seven leagues distant from *Maestricht*; where, if we arrived in safety, we were free from further Danger, for we should then be out of the Dominions of *France*. He gave us particular Caution with regard to our entering *Maestricht*, as they were very exact in stopping all Strangers

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at the Gates, and in bringing them before the Governor, who sent them to Prison, if they were unprovided with proper Passports. We at length set out from *Paris* for *Maestricht*; nothing extraordinary happened during our Journey, for within the Kingdom travellers are never detained; the Government taking precautions only to guard the frontier Towns. We came at last to a little Hill, somewhat less than a Mile from *Maestricht*, from whence we could observe the City and the Gate, thro' which we were to pass. Our Inquietude upon so near an Approach of Danger may be easily conceived; we stopped a few Minutes to consult the best Method of entering the City, and observing the Gate to open to a long Bridge over the *Meuse*; and as it was fine Weather, we could discern several of the Inhabitants walking upon it. We judged it most prudent to mix ourselves among them, and so pass into the City undistinguished by the Sentinels. We took all our Shirts from our Knapsacks and put them on, one over

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the other, and our Knapsacks we put into our Pockets; we wiped our Shoes, combed our Hair, and in short took every Precaution to prevent our appearing as Travellers. It may be observed we had no Swords, as the Laws of *France* forbid wearing any. Thus equipped we descended the Hill, and when come upon the Bridge, continued walking among the Inhabitants till the Drum beat, the Signal for shutting the Gates. Thus as the Inhabitants crowded in, we passed among the Throng without being distinguished by the Sentinel. We were ravished with Joy at escaping such imminent Danger, imagining now that our Fatigues were at an End; but in this, as is the Proverb, we reckoned without our Host. It was impossible to quit the Town immediately, that Gate which was to let us out being shut, wherefore we were obliged to lodge there that Night. We entered the first Inn which presented itself, the Master of which was not at Home, but we were received by his Wife. We ordered Supper, and about Nine o'Clock, while we

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were yet at Table, the Landlord arrived. His Wife informed him that she had entertained two young Men who were Strangers. We could hear from our Chamber, the Husband ask whether we had a *Permission* from the Governor? Upon her answering that she could not tell; You Jade, replied he, you will ruin me to all Intents and Purposes; don't you know how strictly we are forbid by the Governor to lodge Strangers without his Permission? I must this Moment bring them before him. When this Dialogue was finished, which was by no means pleasing to us, he entered our Chamber, and very civilly demanded if we had been before the Governor? we answered, that we had not thought this Precaution necessary, as we intended to stay but one Night in Town. It would cost me a thousand Crowns, said he, if the Governor knew that I lodged Strangers without his Permission: but have you Passports, continued he, to enter the frontier Towns? We answered, with all the Assurance possible that we had. This alters

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the Matter, says he, I run no risque if you are thus provided; but it is necessary to go before the Governor, that he may examine them. We answered, that as we were fatigued we should take it as a Favour to be indulged with repose that Night, and in the Morning he might conduct us very willingly. This contented him; so after finishing our Supper, we were shewed our Bed, which tho' a very good one, could not incline us to Sleep; so much did the approaching Dangers of the Morning disturb us. What Councils did we not hold all the tedious Night! What Answers did we not frame to the Governor's demands! But our Councils were without Conduct, and our Answers without coming to Conclusion. At length, lost amidst a variety of Expedients, we resigned ourselves to God, implored his Aid in this Time of our Necessity, and begged his Assistance in strengthening us against every Trial that our Constancy might be put to in Defence of his Holy Gospel. We continued in these pious Exercises till Day appeared. As soon as we

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saw it light, we arose and went down into the Kitchen, where our Host and his Wife lay. While we were dressing, we thought of an Expedient that might exempt us from appearing before the Governor, which we accordingly put into Practice, and which succeeded, tho' not according to our Expectations. It was thus,

We formed a Design of stealing away before our Host was risen; but in this we found ourselves mistaken; for he perceived us, and demanded how we came to be up so very early? We replied, that before we went to the Governor's, we intended to breakfast, so as to be in readiness to pursue our Journey after he had dismissed us. He approved our Design, and ordered the Maid to fry some Sausages for Breakfast, while he was dressing. The Kitchen was upon a Level with the Door that opened into the Street, and perceiving that the Maid had left it open, and we pretending a necessary Occasion slipped out; neither our Host suspecting our Design, nor we bidding adieu,

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or paying the Reckoning: Necessity compelled us to this Fraud. We asked a Boy whom we met in the Street, for that Gate which led to *Charleville*: we were very near it, and as soon as it was opened we passed without the least Interruption. We took an hasty Breakfast at *Charleville*, a little Town without Walls or Garrison, about a Musquet-Shot from *Maestricht*. Here we entered the Forest of Ardennes, which at that Time appeared most frightful; it froze the preceding night, and the Trees were loaded with Icicles: As we advanced, the Road seemed to divide into several lesser ones, and we were quite ignorant which to chuse to conduct us to *Charleroy*. In this Perplexity we had the good Fortune to meet with a Peasant, from whom we enquired the Way. Shrugging his Shoulders, Gentlemen, replied he, I perceive you are Strangers: your attempting to go to *Charleroy* through the Forest of *Ardennes*, is very dangerous, particularly as you are unacquainted with the Road; and it is almost next to an Impossibility that you

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should not go astray. The farther you advance, the more Intricacies you will meet with; and as there is neither Village nor House in the Forest, you may wander twelve or fifteen Days: and if spared by the ravenous Animals with which it abounds, may at last perish with Cold and Hunger. This Discourse alarmed us. We offered him a Louis d'Or to conduct us to *Charleroy*. No, though you offered me an Hundred, replied he, I know very well that you are *Huguenots*, and that you are endeavouring to escape from *France*; and I should certainly be hanged if I rendered you this Service. But, however, continued he, I will give you good Advice; leave the Forest, take the Road which you see on the Left; you will come to a certain Village where you may lodge, and in the Morning pursue your Journey, keeping the Village on your Right: Thus you will arrive at the City of *Rocroy*, which you must leave on the left, and still keeping the Road to the Right, you will come to a little Town called *Couvé*. After

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you have passed it, you will find a Road on your Left, which will conduct you to *Charleroy*: This Road, it is true, is farther about than through the Forest, but then it is without Danger.

We thanked the honest Fellow, and followed his Advice. Towards Evening we came to the Village of which he had told us; there we slept, and the next Morning pursued the Road to our Right as he had directed. We left *Rocroy* on the Left, but the Peasant had not informed us (probably through Ignorance) that this Road led to a Defile, between two Mountains, where the *French* kept a Guard, who stopped all Strangers going that Way without Passports, and laid them up in Prison at *Rocroy*. We, like Sheep going astray, were hastening directly into the very Jaws of the Wolf; yet without knowing or expecting the threatening Danger, we escaped it by the greatest good Fortune in the World; for, as we were entering this defile, the Rain fell in such Abundance, that the Sentinel who

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was posted on the Road, was obliged to take Shelter in the Guard-House; while we very innocently and free from all Apprehensions, passed without being perceived; and pursuing our Journey, arrived at *Couvé*.

Then indeed we were in Safety; had we but known that this little City was out of the Dominions of *France*. It belonged to the Bishop of *Liège*, and had at that Time a *Dutch* Garrison; but most unfortunately for us we knew nothing of all this. Had we presented ourselves to the Governor of this Garrison, he would have escorted us to *Charleroy*: but Heaven was pleased that it should be otherwise, designing to put our Faith and Constancy to the Trial, by a Bondage the most severe, for thirteen years: as may be seen in the Sequel.

When we arrived at *Couvé*, our cloaths were wet quite through; we therefore entered an Inn to dry and refresh us. When we were set down to Table, the Landlord brought us a Pot of Beer, but without Glasses; upon our calling for some, I perceive, said our

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Host, that you are *Frenchmen*; it is the Custom [of] our Country to drink from the Pot. This calling for Glasses, how trifling soever it may seem, was without Doubt the Cause of all our ensuing Misfortunes. There were in the same Chamber two Men, one an Inhabitant of the Town, the other one of the Bishop of *Liège's* Game-keepers. This last hearing the Host call us *Frenchmen* examined us with the utmost Attention, and had even the Assurance to accost us in this Manner; "I'll lay any Wager that neither one or t'other of you carries a Pair of Beads about him." My Companion shewing his Tobacco Rasp, which he was then using, imprudently replied, here are my Beads.

This Answer served to confirm the Game-keeper in his Suspicion of our being Protestants, who were escaping from *France*: And as the Rewards arising from our being apprehended were given to the Informer, he laid a Design of arresting us if we passed through *Mariemburg*, a Town in the Dominions of *France*, but a League distant from *Couvé*. We had

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designed to follow the Instructions of the good Peasant, of turning to the left upon our leaving *Couvé*, by which means we should have avoided passing through any Territory belonging to *France*. But who can avoid his Destiny? As we left the Town we easily perceived the Road to the left; but observing a Man who had the Appearance of an Officer come riding towards us, and as even a Shadow affrights the Apprehensive, to avoid him we took the fatal Road which conducted us to *Mariemburg*. This is a small Town with but one Gate, which was however sufficient to forbid our Passage through it; but as we were aware of this, we determined to leave it on the right, and thus make the best of our way to *Charleroi*. The treacherous Game-keeper followed, resolved to arrest us when we set Foot upon *French* Ground. In the Evening we arrived at *Mariemburg*, and seeing an Inn near the Gate, we concluded to pass the Night here. On entering, they shewed us a Chamber, and kindled a good Fire to dry our wet Cloaths;

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we had not been here above half an Hour, when a Man enters whom we took for our Host; after saluting us very civilly, he asked from whence we came, and whither we were going? We informed him that we were come from *Paris*, and designed to go to *Philipville*. He told us we must go before the Governor of *Mariemburgh*. We hoped to trick him as we had our Host at *Maestricht*, but in this we were deceived, for he bluntly replied we must follow him that very Moment. We set the best Face we could on the Matter, and without shewing the least signs of Fear, prepared to obey. I whispered my Companion softly, that as the Night was very dark, we might give him the Slip before we came to the Governor's. But it may be easily conceived how great were our Terrors, when we found him to be the Serjeant of the Guard with a File of Musquetteers come to apprehend us. The designing Game-keeper was one of the foremost; and the Soldiers with their Bayonets fixed were placed in such a Manner, that it was impossible to

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escape. We were in this Manner conducted before the Governor, whose Name was *Pallier*; he asked of what Country we were, and where we intended to go? With respect to the first Question we answered the Truth, but to the second we replied that we were Peruke-makers, who were making the Tour of *France*; that we intended going to *Philipville*, *Maubeuge*, *Vallenciennes*, &c., and so to return home. The Governor's Valet de Chambre, who was himself a Peruke-maker, was called to examined us; by good Fortune he begun with my Companion, who was actually a Peruke-maker, and he by his Answers convinced him that we were what we pretended to be. The Governor again demanded of what Religion we were; we answered without Hesitation that we were Protestants, making it a Point of Conscience [not] to disguise the Truth in this Particular. Would to God we had answered all other Questions that were put to us with equal Sincerity; we should at least have avoided a Breach of our Duty, and conse-

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quently should not have Conscience as well as our Enemies for our Accusers. Nothing can happen wrong to that Man whose Actions are right. We were asked whether we had any Designs of leaving the Kingdom? We denied that we had. After this Examination, which continued a full Hour, the Governor gave the Major strict Orders to conduct us to Prison; the same Guard that arrested us were employed again on this Occasion. In going from the Governor's to Prison, the Major, whose Name was *de la Galle*, asked me if we really came from *B*—— [*Bergerac*]? I affirmed it a second Time. I was born, says he, but a League from the same Town; and hearing my Name and Family; good God! cried he! your Father was one of my dearest Friends; take Comfort, my Children, I'll endeavour to disengage you from this troublesome Affair; and after two or three Days Confinement you shall be set at Liberty. We were now arrived at the Prison, when the Gamekeeper requested the Major that we should

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be searched, imagining we had more than sufficient to reward him for his Information. But, alas, our whole Capital amounted only to one Pistole; which the Major, without stripping us, begged we might deposit in his Hands. This Gentleman, touched with Compassion at our distressed Situation, was apprehensive that if we had been searched, such Sums might be found upon us as would aggravate the Suspicion of our leaving the Kingdom; and that the Informer, whom he held in the utmost Detestation, might be rewarded, instead of finding the Punishment he wished him. In short, he forbad our being searched, but kept, as he was obliged, the Trifle we delivered up, which was to be transmitted to the Governor. The Game-keeper perceiving that we were not searched, had the Impudence to tell the Major that it was not usual to treat *Huguenots* thus kindly. I'll find their Money in an Instant, said he; applying himself to our Pockets: I'll produce——Rascal, interrupts the Major; I don't know what prevents my

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knocking you down. Do you presume to teach me my Duty? And at the same Time drove him out of his Presence. This was all the Recompence this Wretch had for his Information; besides, at the Solicitation of the *Dutch* Governor, the Bishop of *Liège* dismissed him his Service, and banished him his Dominions for ever.

We were now conducted into a most frightful Dungeon, the Sight of which chilled us with Horror. Oh, Sir, said I, what have we done to be thus treated like the most atrocious Criminals! Those whose Crimes have merited the Gallows or the Rack, could not have been used more severely. Such are my Orders, my poor Children, replied the good Major, endeavouring to conceal his Emotion; but I am deceived, or you shall not remain long in this Situation. In Consequence of this, he went immediately to the Governor, to give an Account of the Manner in which he had executed his Commission; saying that he had searched us carefully, and found our Circumstances to be very trifling;

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which, added he, is a certain Indication that they had no Design of leaving the Kingdom, and confirms their own Accounts of their Innocency. We had now been discharged, had not, unfortunately for us, the Governor, while we were conducting to Prison, wrote to Court concerning our Detention; and it was out of his Power to enlarge us without Permission. This Obstacle mortified the Major to the last Degree; however, he requested that we might be delivered from the frightful Apartment to which we had been consigned, and that our Prison might be the Gaoler's House; that he would place a Sentinel at the Door to observe us, and that his Life should answer for our Conduct. The Governor acquiesced, and after about an Hour's Absence, the Major returned with a Corporal and Sentinel, to whom he shewed us, giving them Orders to let us have the free Use of the Gaoler's House, and that we might have Liberty to choose what Room we thought proper to lie in: At the same Time he deposited in the Hands of the Gaoler the Money which had

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been taken from us, ordering him to provide us with all Necessaries while that lasted; and until we were found more criminal than we now appeared to be, he should dispense with stinting us to the King's Allowance of Bread. He assured us that he was vastly sorry for the Governor's hasty Letter, but he would employ his utmost Interest with him to have us enlarged; adding, that he had the Governor's Promise for our Releasement, if upon closer Examination any favourable Circumstances were found for us. The kind Usage of this worthy Man, in some measure softened our Distress.

Soon after the Governor sent up our first Examination to Court, which was drawn up greatly in our Favour: But, as we had declared that we were Protestants, the Marquis *de la Vrillière*, then Prime Minister, was so much incensed against us, that he regarded no Appearances that were in our Favour, as to our Intentions not to leave the Kingdom; but directed the Governor of *Mariemburgh* to prepare the Procedure for condemning us to

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the Gallies, as being found on the Frontiers without a Passport. That in the Interim the Curate of the Town should employ his utmost Efforts to bring us to the Roman Catholic Persuasion; and if he should succeed, when we had abjured, and after proper Instructions in our Duty, we might be enlarged and re-conducted to *B*——[*Bergerac*]. We were permitted by the Major to read those Orders in the Original, and as he observed us tremble, I give you no Advice, says he, touching your present Conduct; in that your Faith and your Conscience must direct: All I have to say is, that your Abjuration will open to you the Doors of your Prison, otherwise you will certainly be sent to the Gallies. All our Hopes, replied my Companion, are placed in God alone; resigned to his Holy Will, no Misery can sink us, nor do we fear what Man can do against us. We are determined, added I, for the Gallies, or for Death, when his holy Word is to be supported; to God we will pray without ceasing, for he can soften the Severity of our Bondage and make

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even Death itself pleasing: It is not a perverse Obstinacy, continued I, that thus makes us reject the proffered Indulgence; no, we have been instructed by our Parents in the Principles of our Religion, and in the Falsehoods of yours. We gave him our sincerest Thanks for his Endeavours to serve us; and as in our helpless Situation it was impossible to testify our Gratitude by Action, we promised still to remember him in our Petitions to Heaven. This worthy Gentleman, who (tho' to outward Appearance a Roman Catholic) was in his Heart a Protestant, embraced us with Tenderness, declaring that he found himself more miserable than we; and intreating us not to take it ill if we should see him no more, as he should not have Courage to stand such an Interview, he withdrew, the Tears falling down his Face, in great Abundance.

The Money which had been deposited in the Gaoler's Hands for our Use, was at last exhausted, and we were put upon the King's Allowance, a Pound and a half of Bread a

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Day; but the Governor and the Major every Day supplied us with necessary Provisions. The Curate also, who expected to make us Proselytes, and the Religious of a Convent in Town, sent us Victuals in such abundance, that we maintained in our turn the Gaoler and his whole Family.

We were visited in Prison every Day by the Curate, who gave us a Polemical Catechism in Defence of the Roman Catholic Religion. To this we opposed the Catechism of Mr *Drelincourt*. We had to do, as it seemed, with a Man who was by no means well versed in his Business; for having given us our Choice of either taking from Tradition or the Scriptures the Proofs of our Controversy, we chose the Scriptures; in which as he did not find his Account, after two or three Conferences, he drew Stakes and declined the Dispute. He then attempted us by the proffers of temporal Advantage. He brought his Niece, who was young and beautiful, to our Prison, under the specious Pretext of a charitable Visit: This young

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Woman was offered me, with a large Fortune, if I would conform. The Curate making sure of my Companion if he could influence me. But such was my Detestation of the Popish Clergy, and all their Race, that I rejected his Offers with contempt. He was now exasperated to the last Degree, and went immediately to inform the Governor, and our Judge, that he despaired of converting us; that we were obstinate Heretics, who stopped our Ears to the plainest Demonstrations, and that we were evidently under the Power of the Devil.

It was now resolved to expedite our Trial with the utmost Diligence: The Judge, with his Secretary, came in Form to examine us in Prison; and two Days after, they returned to read our Sentence, which was in Substance thus:

"That, Whereas we were found without a Passport from Court, on the Frontiers of the Kingdom, and being of that Religion which pretends to be Reformed; we were found guilty of having endeavoured to quit

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the Kingdom against his Majesty's Ordinances to the contrary. Wherefore we were Condemned to serve in his Majesty's Gallies for Life, and our Goods to be confiscated, &c."

Our Sentence read, the Judge demanded if we would appeal to the Parliament of *Tournay*, to which his Tribunal was Subordinate. No, says I, we appeal, from the Injustice of Your's, only to the Throne of God: All Mankind are exasperated against us, whom then should we rely on but him only? and to his righteous Will we submit with the utmost Humility. Do not attribute to me, replied he, the Rigour of your Sentence; it is in pursuance of his Majesty's Instructions that I condemn you. Yes Sir, returned I, but the King cannot know that we intended to leave the Kingdom. Our Religion alone is not sufficient to condemn us to this Punishment, and I cannot think we are found guilty of having had Intentions to quit the Kingdom. But our Sentence runs as if you were furnished with the most

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convincing Proofs. This, said the Judge, is only a Form requisite in complying with the Orders of the King. You are not a Judge then, said I, but merely the Executor of the King's Orders. Why do not you appeal then, returned he? No, says I, the Parliament is as much inclined to a servile Submission to his Majesty's Commands as you are. Then I must appeal for you, returned he: (of this we were apprized, for no subordinate Judge can execute a Sentence, which inflicts corporal Punishment, without acquainting the Parliament,) Wherefore prepare, continued he, to go to *Tournay*.

We were now conducted not to our former Prison, but to the Dungeon already mentioned; where we remained 'till we set out for *Tournay*, accompanied by four Archers, who Hand-cuffed and tied us together: In this Manner we went thro' *Philipville*, *Maubeuge*, *Valenciennes*, and, as we were obliged to walk all the Way, our Journey was extremely painful. Every Evening we were confined in such loathsome

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Prisons, as shocked even us, though by this Time familiarized to Distress. Bread and Water were our only Sustenance, without a Bed to lie on, and all our Treatment equally severe with those whose Crimes merited the Wheel. At length we arrived at *Tournay*, where we were confined in the Prison of the Parliament. As we were without Money, and as this Prison was assisted by no charitable Contribution, we were obliged to be content with the King's Allowance, which (being but a Pound and an Half of Bread every Day) we were almost starved to Death. As an Addition to our Calamities, the Curate of the Parish obtained the Liberty of attempting our Conversion, before the Parliament should recognize our Sentence. But this good Father, either through Indolence, or designing to starve us into Compliance, visited us only every Week or Fortnight, and even then spoke so little about Religion, that we had scarce an Opportunity of making a Defence. Even when we attempted to controvert his

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Opinions, he was sure to interrupt us, 'This at a more convenient Opportunity,' would, he say, and so march off. In the mean Time we became so thin and emaciated that we were no longer able to stand upright. We lay continually upon an old Pallet, quite rotten and swarming with Vermin, placed near the Door; through an Hole in which our daily Allowance of Bread was thrown. If our Bed had been farther off, we should never have had Strength to creep to the Door to receive it, so much were we by this Time enfeebled. In this Extremity we sold the Turnkey our Waistcoats for a little Bread; in the same Manner we parted with our Shirts, only reserving those which we then wore, which soon grew rotten and ragged. In this forlorn Situation we never saw any Creature but the Curate, who sometimes paid us a Visit, but rather with a Design to insult than relieve us: The principal Topics of his Conversation, were to demand if we were still resolved to suffer; that we had none to blame but ourselves,

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since we were the Arbitrators of our own Destiny. Such were his Discourses, which appeared so insipid and trivial, that we at last disdained to answer him.

In this Situation we had remained six Weeks, when one Morning about Nine o'Clock the Turnkey handed us through the Wicket a Broom, desiring us to sweep our Prison, for we should presently have a couple of Gentlemen to keep us Company. We asked of what Crimes they were accused: Of being *Huguenots* like you, returned he, and so left us. About a Quarter of an Hour after the Door of our Dungeon was opened, and the Gaoler, with some Soldiers armed with Swords and Guns led in two young Men very richly dressed and laced from Head to Foot. After they had been searched by the Soldiers who were their Conductors, they were left with us, and the Prison-Doors fastened as before. We instantly remembered their Faces; they were two of our Countrymen, Sons of very eminent Citizens of *B*—— [*Bergerac*], with whom we had been

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formerly Schoolfellows and extremely intimate. On their Part, they did not recollect our Faces, so much had Misery altered our Appearance. We first accosted them, addressing them by their Names. One was called *S*—— [*Sorbier*], the other *R*—— [*Rivasson*]; they had assumed the Character and Appearance of Gentlemen, *S*—— [*Sorbier*] calling himself *Chevalier*, and *R*—— [*Rivasson*], *Marquis*; only to favour their Design of leaving *France*. Perhaps their History may not be unentertaining to the Reader; but before I digress, it will not be improper to continue my Account of their Behaviour on first entering the Dungeon. Hearing themselves addressed in so familiar a Manner, they demanded, Who we were? and being informed, they seemed surprized to the last Degree. Our Parents and Relations, as they told us, having received no Account of us since our Departure, concluded that we were assassinated on the Road; for after our first Detention, we had not been permitted to write.

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After a while regarding each other in Silence, during which we seemed lost in the Greatness of our Calamity, we crawled from our Beds and affectionately embraced each other, shedding Tears of mutual Compassion, each for his Friend's Distress. They now asked if we had got any Thing to eat, alleging that they were almost famished. We presented them the little Bit of Bread, which was to be our Banquet for the Day, and the Water which was given us to drink. Heavens! And shall we, cried they, be treated in this Manner? And cannot Money procure better Treatment? Yes, I interrupted, Money will procure it; but where is that? If that be all, answered they, we shall soon be supplied: Thus saying, they produced from the Waistbands of their Breeches, and the Soals of their Shoes Four Hundred Louis d'Ors. I must confess that I never felt sincerer Satisfaction than at the Sight of so much Money, having now the pleasing Hope of being soon relieved from Hunger, of which I was ready to die.

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Accordingly they put a Louis d'Or into my Hand, requesting I would order what I thought proper. I now knocked at the Wicket with what Vigour I had left. The Turnkey appeared: Here, says I imperiously, take this, and bring Dinner; giving him the Louis. Very well, Gentlemen, replied he, and what are you for? Are you for Soup and Bouillé? Ay, ay, answered I, that will do; but let the Soup be in a very large Bowl; let us have ten Pounds of Bread, if you please; and be sure do not stint us in Beer. You shall have all in an Hour, said the Turnkey. An Hour, said I; an Age! Can't we have it in half an Hour?—The long-wished-for Hour at last arrived; in came a capacious Bowl of Soup, Meat in Proportion, and Bread as ordered. I surveyed the whole, yet still thought it too little: I feared my Companions had been furnished with Appetites like myself: However, our two new-comers eat very little; but for me and my Friend we leaned over the Soup with famishing Eagerness, and eat

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almost till ready to burst: But the Consequences had like to have been fatal to us both; to me in particular. The Apothecary was sent for, who prescribed a Vomit, by which I was saved from imminent Death. After I had recovered, our Companions enquired by what Accidents we were reduced to this miserable State. We informed them of every Oc[cur]rence since our Departure from *B.* [*Bergerac*]. They wept at our Misfortune, but more at our Constancy, declaring that they should never have Resolution to suffer like us; and that, before being condemned to the Gallies, they would certainly abjure. Is this the Example, Gentlemen, says I, that you set us? Better that we had not seen you than see you in Resolutions so opposite to your Education and real Principles. Do you not dread the avenging Hand of God, who declares, *that they who know the Will of their Father, and do it not, shall be beaten with many Stripes?* Never think, said one of them, we can resolve to go to the Gallies: You, who have sufficient

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Resolution for such a Trial, are happy; and though we cannot imitate, yet we must admire. We entreated them then to oblige us with the History of their Adventures since their Departure from *B.* [*Bergerac*] with which Mr *R.* [*Rivasson*] complied in the following Manner.

My Friend *S.* [*Sorbier*] and I, were saved from the Persecution raised by the Duke of *F.* [*de la Force*] at *B.* [*Bergerac*] by our Flight into the Country, where we lay concealed; but as he left very severe Orders with regard to us at his Departure, we saw no Means of Safety but by flying into *Holland.* For this Purpose we employed a Guide of great Experience, who made it his dangerous Employment to conduct such as us to *Amsterdam*: I call it dangerous, for if taken in the Fact, he must expect the Gallows without Mercy. This Man had every Talent requisite for such an Occupation, prudent, subtil, and perfectly acquainted with every Part of the Road. He was commonly called the little *Gascon*, for in

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that Country he was born. Him then we employed to conduct us; and having obtained Permission from our Parents, and being furnished with what Money they could spare, we equipped ourselves as Officers, who were going to join our Regiments: It was to be a marching Regiment somewhere near *Valenciennes*; and the little *Gascon* served as our Valet-de Chambre. In this Manner we crossed the Country without the least Molestation. The Gascon went on Foot, and we on Horseback. But he designedly never accompanied us, only telling the Inns at which we should bait, where we were always sure to find him. In this Manner we arrived at *Paris*, where we staid some Days to cut a Figure, and gratify our Curiosity. One Day at *Versailles* we happened to meet an Officer of our Acquaintance, who, though a Papist himself, had married a young Lady of *B.* [*Bergerac*] who was a Protestant, and had two Brothers Refugees abroad. As their Goods were confiscated, this Gentleman, whose Name

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was *Maison*, solicited their Effects for himself, as being their Brother-in-law. We introduced ourselves to him, who, on his Part, received us very politely; and knew so well how to worm himself into our Confidence, that we discovered to him our whole Design.

He applauded our Probity only with a View of drawing from us every minute Circumstance relative to our Intentions, which we declared with the utmost Sincerity. At length taking an affectionate Farewell, we set forward on our intended Flight; and he to the Levee of M. *Vrillière* at *Versailles*. Could you think it? This perfidious Wretch, to gain that Minister's Favour, informed him of the whole Affair, and described the Road which we intended to pursue. We designed going to *Mons*, a City in the *Spanish* Provinces, with a *Dutch* Garrison, in which we were sure of Protection. The Prime Minister did not fail of dispatching a Courier to *Quévrin*, situated between *Mons* and *Valenciennes*. This little

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Town was then subject to the Crown of *France*; it was situated on a River which separated *France* from the *Spanish* Provinces; on this there was a Bridge which we were to pass. As there was no Garrison here, the Prime Minister ordered the Mayor to set a Guard of the Peasants of the Country on the Bridge, who should stop and detain two Men who pretended to be Officers, going to join their Corps at *Valenciennes*. The Mayor assembled the Peasants, and placed a Guard of twenty-five Men well armed, on that End of the Bridge next *France*. Of all this Transaction we were intirely ignorant; our Guide assured us we had nothing to fear; which, were it not for *Maison's* treacherous Information, was really the Case. We at length arrived at this fatal Bridge in the Dusk of the Evening. The Sentinel of the Guard giving us the Word, who goes there? His Majesty's Officers, reply'd we. Of what Regiment? *la Marches* returned we. Halt, cries the Sentinel; and at the same Time the whole Guard with

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their Pieces cock'd, advancing in good Order, surrounded us. Our Guide surprized at an Incident so unexpected, gave us all the Encouragement in his Power; at the same Time assuring us that our Safety depended on our Courage alone; for could we gain the other Side of the River, we should be upon *Spanish* Ground, and absolutely out of the Power of *France*. Animated by this Assurance we resolved to oppose, and our Guide jumping up behind me, we fired our Pistols, though without doing any Mischief, among the affrighted Peasants, who took to their Heels, and left us at Liberty to pass the Bridge without further Molestation. Our Guide congratulated us upon our Success, alleging that we were now in as much Security as if we had been at *Amsterdam*. At his Persuasion, we entered the first Inn we met, to make our Abode for the Night. We supped very merrily, and slept all in one Chamber in the upper Part of the House. Early in the Morning our Guide getting up, according to Custom, and

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putting his Head out of the Window to observe the Weather, perceived the House surrounded by more than an hundred armed Peasants; surprized at such an Appearance, he runs to alarm us; adding, that he feared they designed to apprehend us. Astonished at such terrible News, we jumped out of Bed; and being confirmed, by looking through the Window, of the Truth of his Information, I was going to knock him on the Head, for having, as I imagined, betrayed us; when the poor Fellow falling on his Knees, and imploring Mercy, solemnly protested his Innocence; that we should soon be sensible of it; and that there must certainly be some late Revolution in the Government which had escaped him. In the mean Time the Landlord came up to our Chamber to inform us, that we were to be arrested by Order of the King of *France*. Of the King of *France!* reply'd I; sure we are not in the Dominions of *France*. We were then, but too late, made acquainted with a Treaty between *France* and *Spain*, by

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which all the *Spanish* Provinces were ceded to the former, and which had taken Place but five Days before. This well known Treaty happened in the Year 1701. We now held a Consultation on what was most proper to be done in a Case of such Emergency. We first determined to enquire of the Commander of the Peasants, through our Chamber Window, what were his Designs? To arrest and bring you Prisoners to *Valenciennes*, reply'd he. But we are Subjects said I, to the Court of *Mons*. Oh, Sir, rejoined the Mayor, the *French* are Masters of *Mons* as well as *Valenciennes*; the whole Face of Affairs is changed, and I must necessarily obey the Orders of the King of *France*, and conduct you to *Valenciennes*. No, said I; we are determined never to go there alive: And be assured we shall sell our Lives very dearly. Then you must die of Hunger, good Gentleman, said the Mayor; for we have no Intentions to take you by Assault; you must expect to be supplied with no Provisions till you think proper to

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surrender. We fired some Shot among the Peasants from our Windows, but without Effect; for they took Shelter in the House below Stairs; and as we could see no Enemy, it was to no Purpose to handle our Arms. In this Extremity, as we knew that soon or late we must surrender, we thought it advisable to know what was the Purport of the King's Order. To this Purpose we called to the Mayor, assuring him he had nothing to fear; entreating him to come up to our Chamber and shew us his Orders. He complied, and shewed us the King's *Lettres de Cachet* for arresting us. But as he began to read them, my Friend *S.* very imprudently, and contrary to our Word of Honour, fired his Pistol at him, which luckily missed his Body, but pierced his Hat; and the Flash tore the King's Letter in Pieces. The Mayor fled down Stairs with the utmost Precipitation, and incensed at my Friend's Treatment, which it must be confessed was unworthy a Gentleman, swore he would show us neither Favour nor Mercy.

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He posted his men also in such a Manner, that it was impossible for us to force a Passage; wherefore, having parleyed to no Purpose for more than an Hour, we began to reflect that there were no other Measures to be pursued, but to capitulate on the best Terms we could get. We informed the Mayor at a Distance that as we were under the Government of *Mons*, he ought to send an Express to the Governor of that City, and if he thought proper to order us to *Mons*, we should obey; but would sooner be cut in Pieces, or die with Hunger, than surrender at Discretion. The Mayor considering that, as we were in the Territory of *Mons*, it was in some Measure his Duty to inform the Governor, dispatched thither an Express with all Speed. The Governor of *Mons*, picqued that the *French* should dictate in his Government, sent a Detachment of a Lieutenant and six Troopers to *Quévrin*, who, after saluting us very civilly, dismissed the Mayor, and as they were ordered, conducted us to *Mons*. The Governor received

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us in a friendly Manner, and gave us his Word that we should not be given up to *France*, unless by Order of the Court of *Spain*, where he would instantly dispatch a Messenger with Instructions in our Favour. We were conducted to the Prison for Civil Offences, till the Messenger should return, but guarded in such a Manner that it was impossible to escape.

The Court of *France* exerted all its interest with the King of *Spain* to get us into its Power; however, the Governor's Intercession on our Behalf turned the Balance in our Favour. It was stipulated that we should be delivered up to *France*, but upon Condition that we should not be treated with all the Severity of the Law; but after some Months Imprisonment, be conducted back to our own Homes. That the Governor of *Mons* should conduct us to the Castle of *Ham* in *Picardie*, where we should be confined according to Agreement. Our Guide was not particularized in this Convention, but it was thought reasonable he should share the

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same Fortune with us. You may judge how much we were pleased with the Result of this Agreement, in Pursuance of which we were escorted by six Troopers to the Castle of *Ham*. The Governor received us with great Humanity. We had the whole Castle for our Prison: We dined at his own Table, and our Guide at that of his Domesticks.

We expected to be released after a few Months Confinement, as was agreed on; but in this we were greatly deceived; for at the Expiration of three Weeks, the Governor received Orders from Court to have us conducted under a strong Guard to the Prison of the Parliament of *Tournay*, there to stand our Trial. This good Man, with whom we had contracted a close Intimacy, was so sensibly touched at our Misfortunes, that he was unable to express his Concern.

He took us aside, and informed us we had two Methods of escaping the threatened Danger; one by changing our Religion, the other it was against his Duty to tell, but he

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would soon put it into our Power to guess. We readily conjectured that he would give us an Opportunity of escaping by the Way, in which his Conduct soon after confirmed us. Before we left *Ham*, it was consulted together which to choose, to change our Religion, or escape our Guards on the Road. We held to the former, as we reflected, that by escaping, we must lead an obscure and vagabond Life in *France*, or run the Risque of leaving it in a clandestine Manner; which, from our late Experience we dreaded. In a Word, our Constancy and our Religion forsook us; and we resolved to suffer ourselves to be tamely conducted to *Tournay*, and there go through the Ceremonies of Abjuration. The Day following the Governor selected from his Garrison (which consisted of Invalids) a Party to escort us. It was composed of an old decrepid Serjeant and three Soldiers, one of which wanted an Arm, and the other two were almost Cripples. He gave the Serjeant pressing Instructions not to let the Guide escape; but with regard

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to the two Gentlemen, continued he, be under no Apprehensions about them, for their being guarded is only a mere Matter of Form, as this Journey is for their Advantage. After these Instructions, he cordially embraced us, wishing us all Happiness in our Journey; bidding us take every Opportunity in our Favour; and if it be practicable, continues he, let me hear of your Success. We sufficiently understood his equivocal Meaning; but our Resolution to conform to the Church of *Rome* was already taken. We were each mounted on good Horses, while our Guards limped feebly by our Side, conducting the little Gascon bound with Cords and Handcuffed. In a Word, my Friend and I performed this Journey, as if going upon a Party of Pleasure; galloping our Horses sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, frequently out of Sight of the Guards, who were no Way uneasy, as all their Attention was employed in observing the poor Guide. You see, Gentlemen, continues Mr *R.* [*Rivasson*] that

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nothing was more practicable than our Escape, if we had any Intention to put it into Execution. But though we had no Designs of this Nature, our Guide was not so easy. He never let slip an Opportunity of beseeching us, (when out of the Guards Hearing) to have Pity on ourselves and him, to seize one of those favourable Minutes that so often presented, to rescue us all from imminent Peril. I can do nothing alone, said he; give me but the least Assistance, and thus bound as I am, I engage to Master the Serjeant, and the other three may then be deterred by the slightest Menace. Consider, Gentlemen, consider if I am carried to *Tournay*, I shall be inevitably hanged. We refused to listen to his Supplications; for as we had no Designs of escaping, we did not chuse to render ourselves culpable by abetting his Escape. The Time proceeded but slowly till we had abjured; though I must confess our Conversion was to be more the Effects of Constraint than Sincerity; but as we had

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numerous Examples in *France* of those who thus exchanged the Rewards of an eternal, for the Advantages of a temporal Life, we determined to imitate them, and leave Repentance to old Age. But to return from this Digression, when we came to *Valenciennes*, we were, (as is the Custom in fortified Cities) conducted by a Centinel to the Governor's House. Mr *Magallotti*, who was then Governor, being informed of our Situation; a Trifle, cried he; you will soon wash away all Guilt by a little Holy Water, and by once going to Mass. Then casting his Eyes on our Guide, he instantly remembered him: Ah, my little Gascon, cries he; and is it thee? thou hast this good while escaped the Halter. Then addressing our Serjeant; my Friend, you and your Detachment will never be able to conduct so finished a Rogue as this to *Tournay*. He was last year condemned to be hanged in this City, but broke Prison the very Eve of his intended Execution. I think it will be prudent to reinforce your Detach-

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ment by some Grenadiers; for I have strong Apprehensions of his being too many for you. The Serjeant piqued at these Precautions, replied, that he had safely escorted greater Rogues than this, and added that the Governor of *Ham* had been sufficiently apprized of his Abilities when he chose him for the Expedition. Very well then, said Mr *Magallotti*, be sure you take good Care of him. Next Morning we continued our Rout to *Tournay*, seven Leagues from *Valenciennes*; but as it was too much for our Escort in one Day, we could only reach *St Amand*, a little walled Town two Leagues from *Tournay*, that night. Our Serjeant thought proper to lodge without the Gates, on the other side of the City, not to be obliged to wait next Morning for the opening them, as he intended to set out early. We accordingly passed through the City, and took up our Lodging in a large Farm House strongly walled round; a Precaution necessary in this Country for their Defence against flying Parties in Time of

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War. We were all seven crowded into one Apartment, where we supped with great Tranquility, and with good Appetites; the Gascon only excepted, whom the Apprehensions of approaching Death rendered pensive. He sat by the Fire in a melancholy Attitude, and with his Groans so interrupted our Conversation, that the Serjeant ordered him to bed. It is impossible, cried he, to sleep in my Cloaths, which I have not put off during the whole Journey. Were I unbound, and my Handcuffs taken off, though but for a Minute, I should in that Time be able to undress, and find some Repose from Misery. But, alas! continued he; how can such a Wretch as I expect so great a Favour? We all solicited the Serjeant to grant him so small a Request; that there could be no Danger; for when undressed, he might be bound as before. The Serjeant suffered himself to be persuaded, and unbound him. The Prisoner, ever watching an Opportunity, now pretended necessary Business below Stairs; and after the Soldiers

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had examined the outer Gate, and found it fast, he was permitted to go down with two of his Guards. Here he loitered some Time, when the Servant of the House, whom he knew was soon to return, opened the Gate on the Outside; and the Gascon, swift as lightning knocking him down with a Blow of his Fist, bolted out, and vanished in an Instant. The two old Soldiers regarding each other for some Time with silent Amazement, at last recovered Presence of Mind, sufficient to limp after him; but what could they do, feeble as they were, with Age and Infirmities; or where could they pursue in so dark a Night? In short, after the Formalities of a Search, they returned to us quite disconcerted, and in the utmost confusion. They proposed that we should go where we thought proper; but for their Part they had no Intention either of Proceeding to *Tournay*, or returning to their Garrison, dreading the Decisions of a Court Martial. We, who were as desirous of going to *Tournay* as they were

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against it, dissuaded them from this Resolution, and drew up an Account of the whole Affair, greatly exaggerated in their Favour, which we signed, and with which they were content. This Morning they conducted us to *Tournay*, (continued Mr *R.* [*Rivasson*]) and here we are in certain Expectations of a speedy Enlargement.

Here Mr *R.* [*Rivasson*] discontinued his History, which I shall beg Leave to pursue, to their being set at Liberty at *Lisle*, of which Transaction my poor Companion and I were Witnesses. Two Days after their Confinement they were brought before the Parliament Chamber. After a slight Examination, the President demanded if they would conform to the Church of *Rome*. They hesitated not to answer that it was what they desired with the warmest Ardour. 'Tis well, said the Judge; you must be instructed in the Principles of that Religion which you are going to embrace; after which we will proceed to your Dismission. This over, they were again sent

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back to our Dungeon, in Raptures at receiving such Assurances of speedy Liberty, and such Hopes of a Recompence from the Crown for their easy Compliance, which some of the Counsellors of the Parliament had given them Room to expect. They mutually congratulated each other on their approaching Happiness, while my gloomy Companion and I inwardly detested their Cowardice and Apostacy. Two Hours had scarce been elapsed, when the Chaplain of the Parliament paid them a Visit; and after having praised their most pious Resolutions, he gave each a Catechism; adding, that their Deliverance depended upon the Speed and Diligence with which they got it by heart. Our Gentlemen now set themselves to work in earnest; they continually repeated their Task; but, alas! at the end of three Days, their Studies were interrupted by a Stroke of Fortune more dreadful, as being unexpected. Two Officers belonging to the Parliament, came with Orders to conduct

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them before the Criminal Chamber, and they were Instantly put into Irons. This presaged nothing good in their Favour, but regarding it as a necessary Piece of Formality, they felt no Emotions at such harsh Proceeding.

When they appeared before the Assembly of Parliament, the President accosted them in a manner which at once banished all their pleasing delusions: "Gentlemen," said he, "three Days ago you promised this Assembly to abjure your Errors, and embrace the Catholic Religion, in Consequence of which you were promised your Deliverance: we will not abuse you, we are no longer at Liberty to perform our Promise: Behold the King's Letter, which gives Orders to the contrary. We are commanded to punish your Attempt to quit the Kingdom, with the utmost Rigour of the Law: Happy it is for you that your imprudent Behaviour to the Mayor of *Quévrin* is not mentioned: Had this been known at Court, your Punishment would

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have been more severe: Thus whether you abjure or no, the King's Pleasure is, that you be condemned for Life to the Gallies. You are at Liberty however to make your Abjuration; a Conduct so pious will merit our Praise, but at the same Time it cannot save you from Punishment. The Prisoners quite astonished, answered, that if Things were so, they would quit their Design of abjuring, and continue in their own Religion. Fine Catholics! said the President; let them be re-conducted to Prison. Thus we saw our Proselytes return with an Air very different from that with which they left us, being now filled with the utmost Consternation, and with mortifying Reflections on their complicated Folly. The Parliament hastened on their Trials, and in less than eight Days their Sentence was read, by which they were condemn'd for Life to the Gallies. The ensuing Day four Archers came to conduct them to *Lisle* in *Flanders*, where the Galley-slaves were to be assembled. It was a Sight equally moving

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and extraordinary, to behold Men in the Bloom of Youth, set off with all the Elegance of Dress, in Scarlet Cloaths laced with Gold: To behold them, bound with Cords and handcuffed, passing on Foot through *Tournay*, guarded by four Archers, and scarce able to move forward through the Crowd of Spectators, who flocked from all Parts to behold so extraordinary a Procession; for all thought them Men of the first Distinction. They were brought thus on Foot to *Lisle*, five Leagues from *Tournay*, and immured in the gloomy Dungeon of the Galley-slaves, in *St Peter's* Tower, which shall be described hereafter. However our Gentlemen did not long remain here: The Jesuits of *Lisle*, (as those Holy Fathers are acquainted with all that happens) paid our Prisoners a Visit, and having demanded if they would become Roman Catholics, upon Condition of having their Pardon from Court, and being set at Liberty? Eager for Freedom, they immediately assented: Upon this the Jesuits requested the Grand

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Provost of *Lisle*, who has the Direction of the Galley-slaves to deliver the two Prisoners to be instructed in their Convent, and to make their Abjuration there; promising that after the Ceremony they should be again delivered back. To this the Provost assented very willingly. Thus again we behold those weak and wavering Spirits fallen into their former Apostacy. The Jesuits after having instructed them in the Principles of Popery, and having taught them to exclaim with the utmost Virulence against the Reformed Religion, caused them to make a public Abjuration. It was conducted with the utmost Pomp and Solemnity, the principal Governor of *Lisle*, and every Person of any Distinction in the City, being invited to assist at the Ceremony: This over, they were again lodged not in the Prison of the Galley-slaves, but in a commodious and well-furnished Chamber, the Expenses of which, with their Maintenance, were furnished by the Jesuits, who made a Collection for

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that purpose among the principal Inhabitants of the City. After this, they solicited their Pardon at Court, imagining they could have it without further Trouble; but again they were deceived: The King gave them an abrupt Denial, and added that their Sentence was less rigorous than they had deserved: The Holy Fathers, however, did not stop here; they left no Means untried to accomplish their Ends; their Solicitations reached even Madame *de Maintenon.* They gave her to understand, that these Gentlemen were of the best Families in P. [*Perigord*] that the affair at *Quévrin*, which so much displeased his Majesty, was rather one of the Sallies of juvenile Folly, than a premeditated Design of giving Offence. Lastly, That they were now become as good Catholics as any in *France.*

This Lady suffered herself to be persuaded by the Jesuits; and she had Influence enough over the King, who granted them their Pardon; with a Commission of a

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Lieutenancy of Foot to Mr *R.* [*Rivasson*] and that of a Lieutenancy of Dragoons to Mr *S.* [*Sorbier*] but at the same Time with this Restriction against the latter; that he should remain in Prison six Weeks after his Majesty's Mercy. It appears, notwithstanding, that the most culpable was best recompenced, as a Lieutenancy of Dragoons is preferable to one of Foot; perhaps his Majesty considered his Rashness as a Symptom of Courage; at least such was the Opinion at *Lisle.* During the six Weeks of *S.'s* [*Sorbier's*] Confinement, he was accompanied by his Friend *R.* [*Rivasson*] who, though at Liberty, chose rather to give this Instance of Friendship, for which he was universally commended. At the Expiration of the appointed Time they were enlarged; and after waiting upon their Benefactors, they parted to join their respective Regiments. I have since learned they were both killed at the Battle of *Hekeren.*

Those who regard this History in a

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Philosophic Light, will find it a Source from whence to deduce useful Reflections. Though Punishment slowly follows the Criminal, yet it surely follows. Apostacy, the most atrocious of all Crimes, will never pass unpunished. But as mine is the Province of an Historian, let me pursue my Narrative, leaving the Reader to make what Reflections his good Sense may suggest. I hasten to resume that Part of those Memoirs which regards myself and the dear Companion of my Distress.

It has been already seen how we were rescued from Famine, by the Arrival of the above-mentioned Gentlemen; but we were apprehensive, and with great Reason, that upon their Departure we should be reduced to the same Circumstances in which they found us. As we knew they had large Sums of Money, we implored with lifted Hands, the Loan of three or four *Louis d'Or's*. I offered a Draught on my Father, payable to them or their Order at *B.* [*Bergerac*] but all my Entreaties could not prevail

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for more than about Ten Shillings, which I afterwards repaid at our Interview in the Prison at *Lisle*, a few Days before their Deliverance. We managed this Trifle with the utmost Frugality; but before it was all spent we were removed from this Prison, to that in the City of *Befroy*, upon the following Occasion.

It may be observed, that the River *Scheld* passes through *Tournay*; on the South of which is built the Parliament-House: This Part of the City belongs to the Archbishop of *Cambray*; the opposite Side, North of the River, to the Bishop of *Tournay*. I have already mentioned that the Curate of the Parish paid us now and then a Visit, rather to see if our Sentiments, with regard to Religion, were changed, than by proper Arguments to persuade us to a Change.

The Bishop of *Tournay* perceiving the Indifference, or rather the Ignorance of the Curate, in making Proselytes; sent one of his own Chaplains to make an Essay of his Abilities upon our Consciences. The Chap-

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lain was a good Sort of an old Gentleman, who had more Faith than Divinity, (at least, he appeared in such a Light to us.) After having informed us that he was sent on this Occasion by the Bishop of *Tournay*, and that his Lordship sincerely regretted our Obstinacy; he has employed me, continued he, to convert you to the Christian Religion. The Christian Religion, says I, we are Christians already, both by Faith and Baptism. And pray what are your Names then, says he, looking upon his Memorandum-Book, lest we should deceive him? We told him our Names and Surnames. But you cannot be Christians, cried he, his Lordship informed me otherwise? Let me see, can you repeat the Articles of your Belief? Very willingly, said I, and at the same Time repeated the Apostle's Creed. How, replied he, do you believe all this? To which we answered in the Affirmative. Why, rejoined he, I believe this as well [as] you. His Lordship has surely had Thoughts of making me an April Fool, to turn me into ridicule at my Return.

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This was really the first of April in the Year 1701. Upon this he took an abrupt Leave, quite chagrined that his Lordship should thus turn into Ridicule a Man of his Age and Character.

THE next Morning the Bishop detached Mr *Regnier*, his Vicar-General, against us; a Man of a Character very different from our former Opponent. He found us, however, instructed in the Truths of the Reformed Religion, and guarded against the Errors of Popery better than he expected. This made him labour with the greater Zeal at our Conversion; hardly a Day passed in which he did not visit us: Skilled in all the Arts of Persuasion, subtle in avoiding the Force of the Truths we urged against him: and ever having Recourse to Tradition, where the Scriptures opposed his Doctrines. Such was our Adversary: Yet, even he, either from former Conviction still with-holding our Assent; or, perhaps, from his being unable to oppose Truth, tho' delivered by such feeble Opponents, made no great Pro-

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gress towards our Conversion, so that he retired as ineffectually as he had entered.

This was a most charitable, good-natured Man, with Virtues equal to his extensive Knowledge. Observing us without Cloaths, Linen or necessary Food, he had us privately supplied with each, though he endeavoured to keep it a Secret that he was the Donor: And on *Holy Week*, at a Time when the Bishop distributed his Bounty among the Prisoners; this good Man visited all the Prisoners (of which there were a great Number) and gave them a Shilling a-piece by his Lordship's Directions: But when he came to the Cell where we were confined, he begged us to accept of four Louis d'Ors each, as a Mark of his Lordship's Respect and Distinction. We made some Difficulty of accepting his generous Offer, but he pressed it upon us in a Manner so polite, (assuring us at the same Time that his Lordship would be disgusted at our Refusal, as he would attribute it to Pride) that we found it impossible to refuse.

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THE Reader has been told more than once, that the Curate of the Parish sometimes obtruded his Visits upon us. It was in one of these that he found the Vicar-General in our Prison, reasoning with us in that calm persuasive Manner, for which he was so much distinguished. The Curate, with Rage truly sacerdotal, in an insulting Manner, demanded, How he came to officiate out of his own Parish? The Vicar meekly replied, that he came from the same Motives which brought the Curate there; to bring back strayed Sheep to the Fold of the Lord. I can bring them back, without your Assistance, answered the surly Curate: And the Bishop of *Cambray* will by no Means suffer any Man to encroach upon the Rights or Duties of his Diocese. I order you in his Name to depart, and return no more. The Vicar obeyed; but making a Report to the Bishop of *Tournay* of what had happened, his Lordship, bent upon our Conversion, entreated the Procurator-General of the Parliament, to have us removed to a Prison in that Part of

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the Town which was in his Diocese; which Request was complied with.

We were accordingly removed to *Befroy*, where our Prison was infinitely more commodious than that we had quitted. We were visited by the Protestants of *Tournay*; some of whom were principal Men in the City: They bribed the gaoler to permit us to take the Air in a little Yard adjoining the Prison, for some Hours every Day. We now felt all the Comforts of Society: our zealous Brethren came frequently to see us, consoled us in the best Manner they were able, and exhorted us to Perseverance. The Vicar-General frequently found them there, without ever testifying the least Displeasure: on the contrary, he used them with all the Civility in his power. Whenever they offered, thro' Respect, to retire, he would entreat them in the most humane and pressing Manner, to stay and hear our Conversation: And I hope it may not be imputed to Vanity, if I add, that they found the greatest Satisfaction in our Defence; nor were they a little pleased

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at the charming Manner with which our Adversary produced his pretended Demonstrations against us. Frequently, after two or three Hours spent in Dispute, which produced Conviction on neither Side, the good Father called for a Bottle of Wine, and we drank like good Friends together, without talking more about Religion. At length, finding us obstinate to all the Proofs he could adduce, he had Recourse to the following Proposal, to abridge the Controversy: You shall be dispensed with, says he, from believing the greatest Number of those Doctrines, which to you seem erroneous; as the Invocation of Saints, and the Holy Virgin: the Worshipping of Images; the Doctrine of Purgatory; the having Confidence in Pilgrimages and Indulgences; provided you submit heartily to believe Transubstantiation, and abjure the Errors of *Calvin*. We too well understood his Meaning by such seeming Concessions, and refused to compromise. After this, he by Degrees lessened the Number of his Visits, and at last left us. No

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Priest after him attempted to solicit us; which not a little increased our Satisfaction. This Tranquility which we enjoyed in each other's Conversation was, however, soon after interrupted by the Arrival of five Prisoners more, whom our Gaoler introduced into the Prison in which we lay. We soon discovered three of them to be of our Acquaintance of *B.* [*Bergerac*] but could not recollect the other two, who came to embrace us as the former three had done; shedding Tears in great Abundance, and accosting us with all the Marks of Intimacy. Surprized at our not knowing Persons who testified the utmost Friendship for us, and Sorrow for our Calamities; we demanded from the Sieur *Dupuy* who was one of the Three whom we had recollected, who those were of whom we had not the smallest knowledge. What, replied he, can their Disguise conceal Miss *M.* [*Madras*] and Miss *C.* [*Conceil*] of *B.* [*Bergerac*] with whom you have been so intimate? They have exposed themselves to all the Dangers of this Journey with us,

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disguised like Men; they have supported all the Fatigues of travelling the whole Way on Foot, with amazing Resolution: And tho' educated with all the softness and delicacy of People of Fashion, tho' before this they could hardly have walked three miles successively; they have performed for the Sake of Religion, a Journey which might fatigue the Strongest. We saluted the Ladies, but at the same Time I represented it to them as highly improper to continue their Disguises, and remain in the same Prison with five young Fellows, for such we all were; for our Enemies might take advantage of such Behaviour. I requested them to permit my acquainting the Gaoler with their Names and Sex, nor make a Secret of what could be no longer advantageous to conceal. The Gentlemen were of my Opinion, and the Ladies acquiesced. The Gaoler was called, and being informed of the Occasion, he appointed them a separate Chamber, and the Judge whom he had apprized of their Sex, ordered suitable Cloaths; since that Time we

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never saw them more. They were condemned to spend the Rest of their Days in the Penitents Convent in *Paris*; where they were sent, when their three Companions were ordered to the Gallies.

After our mutual Condolence was over, and the Anguish of our Interview had a little abated; we entreated the three Gentlemen, whose Names were the Sieurs *Dupuy*, *Mouret* and *La Venue*, to give us their History; with which Request the Sieur *Dupuy*, complied in the following Manner.

Nothing extraordinary befell us from our Departure from *B.* [*Bergerac*] till our Arrival at the River *Scheld*, two leagues from *Tournay*; at which Place we were betrayed by a Peasant, in whom our Guide had confided to conduct us over the River. The particulars of this unfortunate Affair are as follow.

Being arrived in the Country, bordering the River *Scheld*, which divides *France* from the *Spanish* Provinces, our Guide brought us by Night to the House of a Peasant, who

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made it his Business to ferry Refugees out of the Dominions of *France.*

The Peasant was not a little pleased at such good Customers for we had agreed to advance two *Louis* D'Ors a Piece for our Freight. As the Time for passing the River (which was to be in the Absence of the Guards who patrolled along its Banks) was not yet come, the Peasant provided something for us to eat, till the Opportunity offered. But happening to cast his Eyes on a Grey Cloth Coat, that the Sieur *Mouret* had on, he requested it for himself. *Mouret* replied, that nothing could prevail on him to part with this Cloak, because it belonged to his Father, who was a Refugee at *Amsterdam*; and he was resolved to have the Pleasure of returning it to the Owner. The Peasant persisted in his Request, and *Mouret* in his Refusal. Which determined him to betray us merely thro' spite, which he effected in the following Manner.

He amused us with different Excuses till Midnight, when he desired us to follow him

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to the Boat, which we did with all the pleasing Expectations of being soon in security.

INSTEAD of conducting us to the Water Side, he brought us to a public House not far from his own, bidding us wait there till he brought his Boat to a convenient landing Place. We waited with our Guide in a Chamber of the House, impatiently expecting his Return, which was not till an Hour after. At last he returned and coming into our Chamber, he took our Guide aside, and bringing him with him to the River Side, he ferried him over. After this, accompanied by about twenty armed Peasants, he enters the Room where we were, and, in short, arrested and conducted us hither.

THUS ended the Sieur *Dupuy*, his Relation;—but before I proceed with my own History, let me inform the Reader how this perfidious Wretch was rewarded in *Tournay* for his Treachery.

THE Cities of *Aeth* and *Tournay*, at that Time carried on a contraband Trade with each other, insomuch that hardly a Day past,

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without some Goods taken and confiscated. *Baptist*, (for this Peasant was so called) together with one of his Associates, having learned that a Merchant of *Aeth*, had a Waggon loaded with contraband Goods, on the Road to *Tournay*; they were resolved to meet it on the Way, and extort what Money they could from the Merchant, under pretence of being Officers appointed for that purpose.

They accordingly stopped the Waggon, and with their Guns presented, seemed as if they intended to bring it before the Seneschal, and get the Effects confiscated. But it was thought proper at last to listen to the Merchant's Entreaties, and accept of ten Pistoles, which he offered for Permission to pursue his Journey without Molestation. Unluckily for our two Adventurers, the Waggon was again stopped by the Commissaries at the Gates of *Tournay*; and confiscated to the Use of the Farmers General. The Merchant perceiving his Goods gone, thought of nothing but being revenged of the two Peasants, who, like Robbers, plundered him by the Way. For

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this Purpose he lodged an Information against them, with Mr *Lambertie*, Grand Provost of *Flanders*.

They were both arrested and conducted to the Prisons of *Befroy*, but not to that in which we were lodged. The Grand Provost, who was well acquainted with *Baptist's* Character, knowing him to be a Fellow who would not hesitate to commit any Crime; knowing him also to be guilty of conveying *French* Protestants over the *Scheld*, was resolved, if possible, to have him broke alive upon the Wheel, for the Robbery he had lately committed upon the Merchant. His Indictment was accordingly laid in due Form, and he was examined very minutely. But Baptist, who was not less acquainted with the Art of Defence than that of Assault, pleaded in his own Cause very powerfully, alleging that with respect to his pretended Robbery on the Highway; every Man could and ought to do what he did. That Informers upon such Occasions were allowed Rewards, and that in truth he and his companion had no other Intentions,

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but that of Informing, till they were seduced by the Offers of the Merchant. This Defence was thought plausible, nor could they proceed against him upon the Merchant's Information alone; but soon a fresh Accusation was found against him upon the following Occasion.

The three Gentlemen and two Ladies were convicted soon after their Confinement; but remained in Prison with us, till the Parliament thought fit to confirm their Sentence, which was not till about six Weeks after. In this Interval the Gaoler frequently gave us his Company and we passed the Evenings in Conversation. In one of these the Sieur *Dupuy* gave him a Relation of the Manner in which he was betrayed by *Baptist*; he related how much this Wretch had boasted of his former Success in conveying several Protestants out of the Kingdom. He added also an Account of the Manner in which the Guide was carried safe over the River; for which single Crime, *Baptist* was by the Laws of *France*,

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guilty of Death. Some Time after this Conversation, the Grand Provost giving the Gaoler strict Orders to put *Baptist* into the closest Confinement, till more convincing Proofs could be found against him; the Gaoler replied, that there were the strongest Proofs of his having conveyed Protestant Refugees out of the Kingdom; and repeated to the Provost, the Sieur *Dupuy's* Conversation. The Provost was extremely pleased with his having an Opportunity of detecting so much villainy. He instantly repaired to our Prison, and calling the three Gentlemen to him, he ordered them to appear next Morning by ten o'Clock before his Tribunal, to declare upon Oath, what they knew concerning *Baptist*. But Gentlemen, added he, I exhort you not to harbour any Sentiments of revenge; only return true Answers to such Questions as shall be demanded. Upon this, he retired, and left them in the utmost Joy at having it in their Power, without transgressing the Bounds of Truth, soon to be amply revenged of their greatest Enemy. I must

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confess that at first I was of the same Sentiments, but upon Reflection, I gave my Advice in this Manner.

It is certain, Gentlemen, that giving a Deposition of all you know, concerning this unhappy Wretch, will be a certain Means of having him hanged. But I entreat you will consider the Consequences. You can gain no Honour by your Information among our Friends, and you will lose much by it among our Enemies. Both sides will be convinced that malice dictated your Deposition. And as it is impossible to shew the Sincerity of your Intentions, the World, naturally inclined to Calumny, will look upon them in a malicious light; and even Conscience itself, will scarce be able to support you under the Malevolence of Censure. Add to this, you will be guilty of Injustice, in thus causing a Man to be hanged, for what you are conscious is no Crime; I mean the conveying Refugees out of the Kingdom. To this it was replied, by one of the Three, Here is the Dilemma, either to hang the Criminal, or make a false

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Oath; surely we ought to avoid the latter. 'Tis certain, answered I, you should not swear falsely for the World; but a Thought has just started, (tho' as I am unacquainted with the Laws, I can't pretend to be certain of its Urgency) I have frequently heard it said, that every Person condemned to the Gallies, has a right to refuse his Testimony before the Magistrate. If in your Place I would plead this Right, when called upon. This will at least convince the World, that you are not prompted by Revenge, whether the Court admits this Plea or sets it aside.

THIS Advice was approved and followed. The ensuing Morning, the Gaoler attended by two Civil Officers, conducted our three Companions into the Provost-chamber; where the Provost and Counsellers were all assembled. *Baptist* was at the Bar loaded with Irons, and dreading the just Vengeance of his Prosecutors; whom his Treachery alone had plunged into every Calamity. The Provost first demanded, if he knew those Gentlemen? To which he replied in the

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Negative. The Provost then required of them whether they knew the Criminal? They answered, that they knew him to be the Man who had arrested them. The Governor upon this tendered them the usual Oath, which they boldly refused, as not being Members of Society, since their Condemnation to the Gallies. How! cried the Provost, are you not required to speak the Truth? Yes, replied Sieur *Dupuy*; we are ready to suffer every Calamity for the Truths of the Gospel, but we cannot look upon it as Justice in us to hang a Man for what we think no Crime; especially, as the Laws dispense with us in the present Case. The Provost upon this, turning to the Criminal, Wretch, said he, for ever pray for these Men, who have reprieved you from the Gallows. By your Means they have been condemned to the Gallies; be you a Partaker in their Punishment. And raising himself from the Bench, he thus dissolved the Court, while the Prisoners were conducted to their respective Apartments.

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SENTENCE was soon after passed upon *Baptist*, and his Companion *Pitous*; they were condemned to the Gallies for Life, as Extortioners. The Sentence also of our three Friends was confirmed, and six Archers came to conduct them to *Lisle*, where the Galley Slaves were to be assembled. They were bound together by the Arms, two by two, and then all Five together; and whether it happened by Chance or it was done in pursuance of the Governor's Orders, the Sieur *Dupuy* and *Baptist* were tied together. In this Disposition they set out at Ten o'Clock in the Morning, on their Route to *Lisle*. All the Inhabitants of the City of *Tournay*, who were apprized of what had happened, left their Houses, and every Street was crowded with Spectators, desirous to see (as they expressed it) Virtue and Vice bound with the same Chain. The bitterest Imprecations were poured upon the Head of the unfortunate *Baptist*, while every blessing was bestowed upon his generous and forgiving Enemies.

THUS we were again deprived of our new

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Guests, and felt no small Pain in the Separation. We were edified by their Piety and amused by their Conversation. Our good Vicar, who had long discontinued his Visits, came soon after their Departure again to see us. I come, said he, to try whether my past Conversation has not induced you to embrace more favourable Sentiments of the Catholic Religion. Reflection, replied I, only serves to confirm us in our former Sentiments. Well then, said he, if I cannot be of Service to your Souls, let me know if I can be in any Respect serviceable to your Persons. But in the meantime the Bishop must fulfil his Promise to the Procurator General, of remanding you to the Prison of the Parliament. At these Words we grew pale with Fear, recollecting all the Hardships we suffered in that frightful Abode. He perceived our Emotions, and strove to lessen our Apprehensions, promising to apply to his Lordship to have us continued where we were till the Parliament had reviewed our Sentence; and that he would bring back his Lordship's

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Answer that very Day. We testified the most grateful Sense of his charitable Behaviour, as the Apprehensions of returning to our former Dungeon filled us with Horror. He performed his Promise, and the same Evening returned, with the agreeable Assurances that we should not be transferred to any other Prison while we remained in *Tournay*. We repeated our Thanks, and he departed, filled with Compassion, and even shedding Tears at our Distress.

Some Days after, a Counsellor of the Parliament (whose Name I have Reasons for concealing) came to our Prison, and informed us that we were very strongly recommended to him, and he would take the first Opportunity of doing us what Service lay in his Power. We were unable to account for this Turn of Fortune in our Favour, nor could we conjecture who it was that had so kindly solicited on our Behalf. We could not attribute it to the Endeavours of our Parents, as they had not apprized us by Letter of any Service they had done us in this Way. We

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could only fix upon our good Friend the Vicar, who, at his last Departure, had given us the sincerest Assurances, that he wished nothing more than to see us at Liberty. Be this as it will, this Counsellor staid with us a full Hour, questioned us of our Journey, the Place where, and the Manner how we were taken. He made us repeat over the Circumstance of the Game-keeper at *Couvé*, and demanded, whether we could prove our setting up at a Public House in that little Town. Being answered, that nothing was more easy than to make that appear; Take Courage, then, my Lads, says he; I hope to extricate you from this troublesome Business. In the Morning I will send a Lawyer, with a Petition, which you must sign, and which, I hope, may have some good Effect. So saying he left us, nor had we an Opportunity of seeing him again till we were brought before him as one of our Judges. The Day following the Lawyer beforementioned entered our Prison, with the Petition, which we read and signed. It was addressed to our Judges,

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and in Substance thus: "That we were not "liable to be condemned to the Gallies for "Religion alone, but for designing to leave "the Kingdom without Permission from the "Government: That we could prove, that "we had no Intentions of leaving the King-"dom, as we had actually left it when we "were at *Couvé*, but came again into it, when "we were arrested. Had we such Designs, "it was but putting ourselves under the Pro-"tection of the Governor of the *Dutch* Garri-"son, who would readily have conducted us "to *Charleroy*." This Petition was left upon the Table of the Chamber for criminal Causes.

Two Days after, we were brought by three Officers before the Council; when the President, shewing us the Petition, demanded if we had signed and delivered that Instrument. We replied in the Affirmative, and entreated the venerable Assembly to take our Case into Consideration: Upon which the President informed us, that after examining our Petition, he had found we laid great Stress upon our passing through *Couvé*; but

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that this Fact needed no Proof, as it was impossible to come to *Mariemburgh* without going first through the Town aforesaid. But, what ought to be proved, continued he, is, that you were actually certain that *Couvé* was out of the *French* Jurisdiction when you passed through it. This was an unexpected Question: However, we answered, without Hesitation, that we knew that perfectly well. And how did you know it? returned the President; you are young Men, unacquainted with the World; and *Couvé* is more than two hundred Leagues from *B*——[*Bergerac*]. I must own that I was quite at a Loss, but my Companion helped me out, by asserting, that he knew of *Couvé's* being out of the *French* jurisdiction, before he left home; for being Surgeon-Barber in a Regiment of *Picardy*, which was quartered at *Rocroy*, he was there made acquainted with the Boundaries of the two Countries, as adjusted by the Treaty of *Ryswick*. He added, that if he was inclined to leave the Kingdom, he had Opportunities of going either to *Holland* or

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Germany, when he was discharged from *Strasburgh*. If you have been discharged the Service, interrupted the President, you must have that Discharge about you. That I have, Sir, replied my Companion; and taking it from his Pocket-Book, delivered it to the President, who handed it about to the Assembly: After which the Secretary tied it up with our Petition, and we were remanded to Prison.

My Companion's Defence was but in some Part true; he had actually been a Surgeon-Barber in the Regiment of *Picardy*, and after the Peace of *Ryswick* was discharged at *Strasburgh*. But neither he nor his Regiment were ever quartered at *Rocroy*. This Falsehood, however, he left the Parliament to detect, which he knew they would not be at the Trouble of doing. Certain it is, they were almost one and all more inclined to pardon than condemn us; so well had the Counsellor, our Protector, pre-disposed the Assembly in our Favour.

We had not been in Prison two Hours, when the Gaoler, quite out of Breath, came

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running in to our Apartment, to give us Joy for our approaching Deliverance. A Clerk of the Parliament had informed him that he had seen our Discharge, and that we were entirely acquitted of having any Intentions of leaving the Kingdom. Our Friends of the Town came in Crowds also to felicitate us; and so much were we persuaded of our approaching good Fortune, that every Time our Prison was opened, we expected a Messenger from the Parliament to set us free.

All this, however, produced nothing; it was true, indeed, that the Parliament had absolved us; but as we were State Criminals, we could be enlarged only by Orders from Court. The Procurator-General wrote to the Marquis *de la Vrilliere*, informing him of the Resolution of the Parliament in our Favour; and that the definitive Sentence of Court was expected. This Minister desired the Parliament to examine the Proofs before they acquitted us. They replied, that all had been examined with the utmost Precaution, and that the Evidences in our Favour

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were incontestible. The definitive Orders of the Court did not arrive till a Fortnight after: Our flattering Hopes were now at an End. We were ordered to appear before the Chamber for criminal Causes, where the President, demanding if we could read, put the Marquis *de la Vrilliere's* own Letter into our Hands. The Laconic Contents will never escape my Memory. It ran thus:

"GENTLEMEN,

"J. M. [*Jean Marteilhe*] and DANIEL LE "GRAS, having been taken on the Frontiers "without a Passport, it is his Majesty's "Pleasure that they be condemned to the "Gallies.

"*Yours &c.*,

"*The Marquis* DE LA VRILLIERE."

You see, my Friends, said the President, not ours, but the Sentence of his Majesty. We compassionate your Misfortunes, and recommend you to the Favour of Heaven and his Majesty. We were then remanded to Prison; and the same Evening a Counsellor and Secretary coming to us, ordered us to

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kneel down before God and Justice, and give Attention while our Sentence was reading. We obeyed, and the Secretary read over our Sentence, drawn up in pretty much the same Terms as that pronounced against us at *Mariemburgh*, condemning us for Life to the Gallies.

When the Secretary had done reading, How, Sir, said I, (addressing the Counsellor) How could so venerable a Body as the Parliament, pronounce us guilty of Crimes of which they are conscious we are innocent? The Parliament, replied he, has absolved; but the Court, which is superior, condemns you. But where then is Justice, said I, by which every Tribunal should be directed? Don't go so fast, interrupted he; it is not for you to dive into Political Proceedings. Silenced on this Head, I then requested a Copy of my Sentence, with which he complied: A small Alleviation of the Distresses it occasioned.

Three Days after, four Archers came into our Prison; and having bound and hand-

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cuffed us, they conducted us to *Lisle*, where the Galley-slaves were assembling. It was Evening when we arrived at that City, extremely fatigued with having travelled from *Tournay* thither on Foot, which is fifteen Miles; as our Handcuffs were to the last Degree inconvenient. We were conducted to the Tower of *St Peter*, where (as the Walls are of a prodigious Thickness) the Galley-slaves are always confined. Before we entered this Prison, the Gaoler rummaged us from Head to Foot; and as two Jesuits were present, (brought thither either by Chance or Design) they took from us our Books of Devotion, and the Copy of our Sentence; not without making some Reflections on the Imprudence of the Parliament, in thus giving an authentic Copy.

This Romage being over, we were led into the Dungeon for Galley-slaves; an Abode the most frightful that ever my Eyes beheld. Never admitting the smallest Gleam of Light, the unhappy Convicts wander about its damp and spacious Confines

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not knowing when it is Day, but by the Pittance of Bread and Water, which they receive in the Morning. Neither Lamp nor Candle are ever allowed here; an old Mattrass, swarming with Vermin, the only Bed afforded: the only Company, that of Wretches soured by their own particular Misfortunes into an Hatred of their Kind. This was the gloomy Mansion to which we were consigned, where we found above thirty Wretches condemned for various Crimes; perhaps more unhappy than we, as being more vicious.

THEIR first Demand, on our Entrance, was for *Garnish*, under Penalty of being tossed in a Blanket. As we had no Intention to rely on their Clemency, in the Administration of this Punishment, we were content to advance ten Shillings, which was their Demand.

AND well it was that we were able to answer this Piece of Extortion; for a poor Creature was almost bruised to Death, a few Days after, upon not being in a Capacity to

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advance what was expected. The Gaoler, instead of discountenancing such Proceedings, encouraged them through the Wicket; and as he was a Sharer of the Spoil, only laughed to see his Prisoner almost killed by the Falls which he received in the Operation.

The Prison was every Evening examined by the Gaoler and four Turnkeys, attended by a Guard consisting of twenty Men armed with Pistols, Swords and Bayonets fixed. They observed the Walls and the Flooring very narrowly, lest we should make Holes in them, with a Design of escaping. One Evening, after their Search was over, and as they were retiring, the Turnkey, who staid last to fasten the Wicket, condescended to hold a short Conversation with me, by which I then thought myself not a little honoured. As he seemed to smile at what I had to say, I imagined the Creature somewhat gentler than the rest of his Fraternity, and had at last the Confidence to ask the Bit of Candle which he had in his Hand, to get rid of Part of the Vermin with which

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I was incommoded. This was a Request that instantly put an End to our Intimacy; he gave me a surly Denial, and slapp'd the Wicket in my Face; upon which I cried out (though not, as I supposed, in the Fellow's hearing) that I was sorry I had not snapped the Candle from him, while we were talking together. In short, I was heard, and the Gaoler was immediately informed of my Presumption. The following Morning, as my fellow Prisoners were chanting the Litany, which they were obliged to do, in order to receive a Charity the Jesuits brought them every *Tuesday*, I alone was absent. I had been asleep for some Hours, but was soon waked by several Strokes given me with the Flat of a Sword; upon which I arose in the utmost Consternation, and perceived the Gaoler and all his Attendants standing about me. I demanded why they came to use me so ill? to which I was answered only by a Storm of Blows from the Gaoler, while the Turnkey, my Acquaintance, knocked me down with a Blow

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of his Fist. As soon as I was up again the Gaoler bid me follow him, which I refused to do, till I knew by whose Order I was treated in this Manner. If I had done amiss, it was not from him, but the Grand Provost, I expected Punishment. Upon this they renewed their Blows, till I fell a second Time: But they did not wait till I recovered; for I was taken by the four Turnkeys, under the Legs and Arms, and carried, or rather dragged, from this Prison into another under Ground, which was to be descended by several Steps of Stone Stairs. This Stair-case, which might consist of thirty Steps, was terminated at the Bottom by an Iron Door, which opened into the Dungeon designed for me, called the *Sorcerer's Cell.* I was push'd in here, and the Door lock'd upon me. As I groped along, in this Abode of utter Darkness, in order to find a Pallad to lie on, I found myself half-leg deep in Water as cold as Ice. I stepped back to the Door, where the Floor was higher; and

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still searching about, I found a little Pallad upon which I threw myself in an Agony of Distress. But I had not been in this Posture two Minutes, when I perceived the Water had soaked through the Pallet. What could I do? I resigned myself to Despair, and called on Death to deliver me from the merciless Persecution of my unfeeling Fellow-Creatures. I looked on myself as buried alive in this Dungeon, where the Light never penetrated; and found no Comfort but in my Aspirations to the Father of Mercy. About an Hour after, the Turnkey came with my Allowance of Bread and Water, but I flung them both back at him, and roared out with a Tone almost approaching Madness. Go tell the petty Tyrant, your Master, I am determined never to eat more. The Turnkey retired, and in less than an Hour the Gaoler himself came unarmed, with a Candle in his Hand; and opening the Door of my Dungeon, bid me in a mild Tone, to follow him. I obeyed, and he led me

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into his own Kitchen. I was all covered with Dirt and Blood, which flowed from a Wound and Contusion I had received in my Head, being struck against the Stairs, while I was in the Hands of the four Turnkeys. The Gaoler ordered the Blood to be washed off, put a Plaister to the Contusion, and gave me a Glass of Sack, which refreshed me greatly. He then gently reprimanded me for my Imprudence in the Turnkey's Affair; and after breakfasting with him, he led me to a Prison that was neither wet nor dark; assuring me that, after what had happened, it would be highly imprudent to put me in the common Gaol. I begged that I might have my Companion with me; with which Request, though he did not immediately, he gave me Reason to hope it might in Time be complied with.

I REMAINED here four or five Days, during which the Gaoler invited me to dine at his own Table. Some Time after he made a Proposal of accommodating my Companion

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and me with a Chamber properly furnished, upon paying two Louis-d'ors a Month. Though we were by no means in affluent Circumstances, yet I offered to give a Louis and an half; but we could not agree. Seeing me not to his Purpose, he began to alter his Manner, and endeavour by Force to bring me to his own Terms. Accosting me then one Morning, Sir, said he, your Friend in the Tower greatly longs for your Company; and, I must confess, his Entreaties have at last prevailed. That, replied I, was what I most earnestly wished for: And pray, Sir, when may he come down from the Tower? for I burn with Impatience to see him. As for that, returned he, you shall see him presently: But then, instead of his coming down to you, you must go up to him: And let me tell you, Sir, there are Company as good as you in the Tower. I perceived his Design, and was resolved to thwart it; wherefore I desired to be conducted back to the common Prison without Delay; and my Companion, who knew not what was

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become of me, was ravished at my Return in Safety.

The Gaoler, however, soon had Reason to repent of his not accepting our former Offer; for coming into the Gaol one Morning, he gave us to know, that Mr *Lambertie*, Grand-Provost of *Flanders*, and Master of the Prison, desired to speak with us; and I hope, continued he, addressing himself to me, that you will say nothing of what has happened lately. No, replied I, when I pardoned, I forgot the Injury, and consequently any Desire to revenge it. We were now come to the Chamber where Mr *Lambertie* expected us. This Gentleman gave us the most gracious Reception in his Power. He held in his Hand a Letter from his Brother, who was himself of Protestant Extraction, and who resided about three Leagues from *B.* [*Bergerac*]. This Recommendation was procured for us by my Father. Mr *Lambertie* then told us he was extremely sorry at not being able to procure our Deliverance. Were your Crimes

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of any other Nature, I believe I could have sufficient Influence at Court to obtain your Pardon; but no Man is allowed, be his Station what it will, to intercede for a Refugee. All that can be done to serve you is, to make your Prison as agreeable as possible, and prevent your going to the Gallies as long as I can. He then asked the Gaoler whether he had a commodious Chamber empty. The Gaoler proposed two or three, which he rejected. I intend that these Gentlemen, said he, should not only have every Convenience, but some Recreation also. I would have them confined among the Civil Prisoners. But, Sir, replies the Gaoler, I cannot give Prisoners, who have been condemned, the same Liberties with those in the Prison you refer to. 'Tis my Pleasure, replied the Grand Provost, that they be indulged in those Liberties; let it be your Business, and that of your Servants to prevent their escaping: Let them, therefore, have a good Bed, and every other reasonable Indulgence they

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require, and I shall be answerable for the whole Expense; and, at your Peril, let them not pay for anything.—Go, Gentlemen, continued he, take the Places assigned you. The Prison to which you are going to be removed is more lightsome and airy than any in *Flanders*. You shall have every Convenience without Expense; and as this Gaol is supplied by frequent Benefactions, you may, by Oeconomy, save Money. Besides, added he, addressing himself to me, I shall give the Gaoler Directions to make you Master of your Apartment, and will myself frequently come to see how he observes my Orders.

We were, upon this, conducted to this new Apartment, of which I was constituted Master, to the great Regret of the Person who enjoyed that Privilege before me. This was tolerably large, containing six Beds, for twelve Civil Prisoners, who were generally Persons of some Consideration, and much above the Vulgar. Add to this, we were attended by a couple of Fellows,

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imprisoned for slight Crimes, who made our Beds, dressed our Victuals, and kept the Prison clean. They were lodged in a Corner of the Chamber, and served us by way of Valets de Chambre. The Employment of Master, with which I had been honoured, was not without Trouble, as I was obliged to distribute all the Benefactions made to this Prison, which are commonly very considerable. A Box, hanging by a Rope from the Window, received the Charities of the Passengers; and the Turnkeys collected what the Tradesmen of the Town were pleased to supply. These Collections were distributed equally among the Prisoners, which, in all the Apartments, might amount to about six hundred. Though I had been constituted Pay-master, yet it was not in my Power to remedy an Abuse in the Distribution of this Charity; I mean, of not letting the Galley-slaves receive their Quota. The Gaoler looked upon it as one of his Perquisites, to employ this Money, as he pre-

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tended, in making Soup for them. But such Soup! Made with stinking Tripe, and seasoned with a little Salt. Even *Lacedemonian* black Broth could not be more nauseous.

After a Residence of six Weeks in this happy Apartment, (happy let me call it, compared to what we had experienced) Mr *Lambertie* paid us another Visit; he let us know, that a Company of Galley-slaves set out the next Day for *Dunkirk*, where there were six of his Majesty's Galleys: that we should be exempted; for he would return us as sick, and it would be proper for us to keep our Beds till the rest of the Slaves were departed. We obeyed, by which we enjoyed this Life of Tranquility for three Months longer; at the End of which we departed, on the following Occasion:

January, 1702, Mr *Lambertie* again came to inform us, that a Company of Galley-slaves were to set out the next Day; that he could exempt us from going, but he

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thought proper to apprize us, that this was the last Company of Slaves that would be sent to *Dunkirk*; for the future, all others were to be transmitted to *Marseilles*. This, continued he, is a Journey of above three hundred Leagues, to be performed on Foot, and with Chains about your Necks. He added, that he should be obliged to go into the Country in the Month of *March*; and that it would be no longer in his Power to be of Service to us. He was of Opinion, that we ought to take the present Opportunity, as the whole of our Journey would be under his Direction. We should be distinguished from the rest of the Slaves, by being carried in a Waggon the whole Way, which was about twelve Leagues. In short, his Reasons seemed so convincing, that we came into his Opinion.

We now prepared for our Departure, and accordingly the following Day, instead of being tied to the rest of the Slaves who walked on Foot, we were accommodated with a Waggon. During our Journey we

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every Evening supped with the Exempt who guarded us; and when it was thought proper to retire, we had a good Bed to lie on. In short, we were treated with such Marks of Distinction, that at *Ypres*, *Furnes*, and the other Towns through which we passed, we were looked upon as Persons of some Rank. But, alas! our Happiness was but of short Continuance; for in three Days we arrived at *Dunkirk*, where we were put aboard the *Heureuse* Galley, commanded by Commodore *de la Pailleterie*, who had the Direction of the six Galleys in this Port. We were each assigned a separate Bench, by which Means I was parted from my dear Companion. Yet still could I have been happy, having nothing but Labour to aggravate my Misfortunes. I could have found some Comfort though chained to the Oar for Life; had we not been subject to the capricious Insolence of a Parcel of petty Tyrants, who decided without Examination, and punished without Pity. The very Day of my Arrival, the Bastonado was given to an unhappy Slave for some

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trivial Fault. His Defence was scarce heard, and his Punishment was inflicted with the most unrelenting Barbarity. My Blood ran cold when I observed his Anguish; but conceive my Terrors, when a little after I was going to be treated myself in the very same Manner. A Slave, who had been condemned to the Gallies for Robbery, came on my first Arrival to demand the Entrance-fee. I replied, that if I intended to be liberal to any, it should be to such only as had not his Assurance: For I had already given four or five Bottles of Wine among the Slaves on the same Bench with myself. Enraged at my Refusal, he loaded me with all the Invective his Fury could suggest; to which I made no Reply. Not content with this, he informed the Sous Comite, whose Employment is to keep the Slaves to their Work and to punish their Negligence or Crimes, that I had uttered the most horrid Blasphemies against the Holy Virgin, and all the Saints of *Paradise*. The Sous Comite, who was a Wretch divested of every Principle of Humanity, as those of his

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Station generally are, gave Credit to the Slave's Information. He came to my Bench, commanded me to strip, and prepare for receiving the Bastonado. Surprized and terrified, particularly as not knowing how I came to incur so dreadful a Punishment, for I was ignorant of the Information against me which was false and groundless to the last Degree, I asked him what I had committed to be treated in that Manner, and begged the Slaves who sat on the same Bench to inform me whether it was the Custom to treat all new Comers thus. My Companions, as much surprized as I, knew not what to answer. In the mean Time the Sous Comite went to make a Report of the Affair to the Major of the Galley, who was always to be present on such Occasions. As he was going to the Quay, where the Major was at that Time walking, he happened to meet the Comite (an Officer superior to the Sous Comite) to whom he told the Affair. The Comite asked whether he had himself heard me blaspheme, to which he replied in the

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negative; but that the Information came from *Poulet*, the Galley Slave. A fine Informer, truly, replied the Comite (who for one of his Profession was a good Sort of a Man;) I'll examine him myself. He accordingly came to my Bench, and demanded how I came to have the Insolence to blaspheme the Catholic Faith? I replied that he must have been misinformed, and that even my Religion forbade me insulting that of others. Upon this, *Poulet* was called and examined, touching his former Evidence. He repeated with the most stedfast Assurance what he had already told the Sous Comite, who was also present on this Occasion. As the single Testimony of *Poulet* was not thought satisfactory, the five Slaves who were chained to the same Bench with me, were ordered to give their Testimony; after which those of the Benches next us were examined. The whole Number, consisting of nineteen or twenty Persons, concurred in the same Evidence, that I had not uttered the least Word derogatory to the Holy Virgin, or the Catholic

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Religion; that the only Answer I made *Poulet* to all his Reproaches was, that I would give no Entrance Money to Fellows of so much Assurance. In short, the Informer was flogged heartily by the Comite, chained with a double Chain to his Seat, and the Sous Comite was severely reprimanded for being so ready to listen to the information of so noted a Liar. I was thus freed from the Apprehensions of the Bastonado; and the Reader may judge from the following Description of it, whether I had not Reason to dread so severe a Punishment. The Criminal is stript from the Waist upward. He is extended with his Face downward, his Arms upon one Bench, and his Legs upon the Opposite, which are held by two Slaves that stand opposite each other. The Executioner, who is generally a *Turkish* Slave, stands over him with a Rope in his Hand, with which he is to beat the Criminal without the least Mercy; for if he happens to be remiss, which is seldom the Case, the Sous Comite uses him as he should have used the Criminal.

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Thus then every Stroke is laid on with the Executioner's whole Force, so that each Blow raises a Wheal as thick as one's Thumb. Few that are condemned to suffer this Punishment, can sustain above ten or twelve Blows without fainting. This, however, does not prevent the Executioner from proceeding. He continues to lay on the miserable and seemingly lifeless Carcase, till the Number of Blows ordered by the Major are Completed. Twenty or thirty are generally inflicted for slight Offences. I have seen fifty, eighty, even an hundred ordered; but then those who are thus punished seldom recover. When the allotted Number of Stripes are given, the Surgeon Barber of the Galley rubs the Criminal's Back with Salt and Vinegar; which, though it may prevent a Gangrene, yet renews all the Poignancy of his former Anguish.

Such then is the Punishment for Galley Slaves: from this neither Family, Virtue, nor Diligence can secure the unhappy

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Convict; for if Caprice directs, the Punishment is no sooner ordered than inflicted. But before I proceed with a Detail of the many Miseries I endured whilst a Galley Slave, as there may some Names of the Parts of a Galley, and its Officers, occur in the Course of this Narration, which the Generality of Readers may be unacquainted with, it may not be improper to give a slight Description of this Vessel, its Crew, and Manner of fighting; reserving a more particular Account to the End of these Memoirs.

A GALLEY is ordinarily a hundred and fifty Feet long, and fifty broad. It consists but of one Deck, which covers the Hold. This Hold is, in the middle, seven Feet, but at the Sides of the Galley only six Feet, high. By this we may see that the Deck rises about a Foot in the Middle, and slopes towards the Edges, to let the Water more easily run off; for when a Galley is loaded, it seems to swim under Water, at least the Sea constantly washes

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the Deck. The Sea would then necessarily enter the Hold by the Apertures where the Masts are placed, were it not prevented by what is called the Coursier. This is a long Case of Boards fixed on the middle, or highest Part of the Deck, and running from one End of the Galley to the other. There is also an Hatchway into the Hold, as high as the *Coursier*. From this superficial Description perhaps it may be imagined, that the Slaves and the rest of the Crew have their Feet always in Water. But the Case is otherwise; to each Bench there is a Board raised a Foot from the Deck, which serves as a Foot-stool to the Rowers, under which the Water passes. For the Soldiers and Mariners there is, running on each Side, along the Gunnel of the Vessel, what is called the *Bande*, which is a Bench of about the same Height with the Coursier, and two Feet broad. They never lie here, but each leans on his own particular Bundle of Cloaths, in a very incommodious Posture.

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The Officers themselves are not better accommodated; for the Chambers in the Hold are designed only to hold the Provisions, and Naval Stores of the Galley.

The Hold is divided into six Apartments.

1. The *Gavon*, a little Chamber in the Poop, which is big enough only to hold the Captain's Bed.

2. The *Escandolat*, where the Captain's Provisions are kept and dressed.

3. The *Compagne*. This contains the Beer, Wine, Oil, Vinegar, and fresh Water of the whole Crew; together with their Bacon, salt Meat, Fish and Cheese; They never use Butter.

4. The *Paillot*. Here are kept the dried Provisions, as Biscuit, Pease, Rice, &c.

5. The *Tavern*. This Apartment is in the middle of the Galley. It contains the Wine which is retailed by the Comite, and of which he enjoys the Profits: This opens into the Powder Room, of which the Gunner alone keeps the Key.

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In this Chamber also the Sails and Tents are kept.

6. THE *Steerage*, where the Cordage and the Surgeon's Chest are kept, serves also during a Voyage, as an Hospital for the Sick and Wounded; who, however, have no other Bed to lie on than the Ropes. In Winter, when the Galley is laid up, the Sick are sent to an Hospital in the City.

A GALLEY has fifty Benches for Rowers, that is to say, twenty-five on each Side. Each Bench is ten Feet long; one End fixed in the *Coursier*, the other in the *Bande*, half a Foot thick, and placed at four Feet Distance from each other. They are covered with Sackcloth, stuffed with Flocks, and over this is thrown a Cow-hide; which, reaching down to the *Banquet*, or Foot-stool, gives them the Resemblance of large Trunks. To these the Slaves are chained, six to a Bench. Along the *Bande* runs a large Rim of Timber, about a Foot thick, which forms the Gunnel of the Galley: To this, which is called the

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Apostie, the Oars are fixed. These are fifty Feet long, and are poised in Equilibrio upon the afore-mentioned Piece of Timber; so that the thirteen Feet of the Oar which come into the Galley, is equal in Weight to the thirty-seven which go into the Water. As it would be impossible to hold them in the Hand because of their Thickness, they have Handles, by which they are managed by the Slaves.

The Method of rowing a GALLEY.

THE *Comite*, who is Master of the Crew of Slaves, and the Tyrant so much dreaded by the Wretches fated to this Misery; stands always at the Stern, near the Captain, to receive his Orders. There are two *Sous Comites* also, one in the Middle, the other near the Prow. These, each with a Whip of Cords, which they exercise without Mercy on the naked Bodies of the Slaves, are always attentive to the Orders of the *Comite*. When the Captain gives the Word for rowing, the *Comite* gives the Signal

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with a Silver Whistle, which hangs from his Neck: This is repeated by the *Sous Comites*: Upon which the Slaves, who have their Oars in Readiness, strike all at once; and beat Time so exactly, that the hundred and fifty Oars seem to give but one Blow. Thus they continue, without requiring further Orders; till by another Signal of the Whistle, they desist in a Moment. There is an absolute Necessity for thus rowing all together, for should one of the Oars be lifted up, or fall too soon; those before leaning back, necessarily strike the Oar behind them with the hinder Part of their Heads; while the Slaves of this, do the same by those behind them. But it were well if a few Bruises on the Head [were] the only Punishment: The *Comite* exercises the Whip on this Occasion like a Fury; while the Muscles, all in Convulsion under the Lash, pour Streams of Blood down the Seats; which how dreadful soever it may seem to the Reader, Use teaches the Sufferer to bear without Murmuring.

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The Labour of a Galley-Slave, is become a Proverb; nor is it without Reason that this may be reckoned the greatest Fatigue that can be inflicted on Wretchedness. Imagine six Men chained to their Seats, naked as when born, sitting with one Foot on a Block of Timber, fixed to the Foot-stool or Stretcher; the other lifted up against the Bench before them holding in their Hands an Oar of an enormous Size. Imagine them lengthening their Bodies, their Arms stretched out to push the Oar over the Backs of those before them; who are also themselves in a similar Attitude. Having thus advanced their Oar, they raise that End which they hold in their Hands, to plunge the Opposite in the Sea; which done they throw themselves back upon their Benches below, which are somewhat hollowed to receive them. None, in short, but those who have seen them labour, can conceive how much they endure: None but such could be persuaded, that Human Strength could sustain the Fatigue which

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they undergo for an Hour successively. But what cannot Necessity and Cruelty make Men do? Almost Impossibilities. Certain it is, that a Galley can be navigated in no other Manner, but by a Crew of Slaves, over whom a *Comite* may exercise the most unbounded Authority. No free Man could continue at the Oar an Hour unwearied: yet a Slave must sometimes lengthen out his Toil for Ten, Twelve; nay, for Twenty Hours, without the smallest Intermission. On these Occasions the *Comite*, or some of the other Mariners put into the Mouths of those Wretches a Bit of Bread steeped in Wine, to prevent Fainting through Excess of Fatigue or Hunger, while their Hands are employed upon the Oar. At such Times are heard nothing but horrid Blasphemies, loud Bursts of Despair, or Ejaculations to Heaven; all the Slaves streaming with Blood, while their unpitying Task-Masters mix Oaths and Threats, and the smacking of Whips, to fill up this dreadful Harmony. At this Time

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the Captain roars to the *Comite* to redouble his Blows; and when any one drops from his Oar in a Swoon, which not unfrequently happens, he is whipped while any Remains of Life appear, and then thrown into the Sea without further Ceremony. How much happier is that unpitied Wretch, than those he leaves behind! Perhaps Heaven was pleased to give him all his Punishment here, with a View of rewarding him with an happy Immortality. The Bursts of Anguish which I have felt, at seeing my Brother Protestants thus inhumanly butchered, can never leave my Mind: Yet I will cease lamenting; they want not my Tears, nor any human Compassion, to add to their present Felicity. But to return from this Digression.

I continued about a Fortnight in the Galley, on which I was first put aboard. It may be necessary to know, that as there are different Degrees of Virtue in Men, so some *Comites* are more or less merciful than others. Along Side the Galley, in which I

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was chained, there lay another, the *Comite* of which was reputed to exceed in Barbarity. He caused his Galley to be washed every Day; while all the rest were cleaned only every Saturday. His Blows during this Operation, which continued for two or three Hours, fell upon the Slaves like Hail. To this I was every Day a Witness, as his Galley lay just by that in which I had been placed. My Brother Slaves continually repeated to me Accounts of his Cruelty; and bid me pray to Heaven to avoid the Galley of *Palma*. At length the Day arrived, on which sixty Slaves of us were to be distributed each on board his respective Vessel. I felt all the Inquietude that can well be imagined on this Occasion. We were all led to the Park belonging to the Arsenal; where they stripped us quite naked, examined, handled, felt every Part of our Bodies, as if they had been purchasing Oxen at a Fair. When this Examination was over, we were divided into two Classes, the stronger and the weaker. After which

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we were subdivided into six equal Parts, and the *Comites* drew Lots for the first Choice. I was classed among the strong, and was put at the Head of my Lot. The *Comite* to whom I had fallen, bid me follow him to his Galley. Eager to know my Fortune, and not knowing the Man to be a *Comite* who commanded me, I entreated him to inform me, what Galley I was to be put on board? The Galley of *Palma*, replied he. Oh Heavens! exclaimed I, surely I am fallen into Hell itself: The *Comite* of that Galley is merciless as a Demon. I had scarce ended, when frowning upon me, Could I know, cried he, those who have thus endeavoured to prejudice you against me, they should feel my Resentment. I now perceived that I had gone too far; but the Disease was past Remedy. Notwithstanding this, he seemed desirous of shewing me that I had been misinformed with Respect to his Character; for having conducted his Lot aboard the Galley, he began, by an Action which testified some

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Regard to me in particular. As I was young and vigorous, the Keeper put round my Leg a Chain extremely thick and heavy; the *Comite* observed it, and roughly told him, that if he did not change my Irons, he would complain to the Captain; for he would not have one of his best Men thus rendered unfit for Service: The Keeper immediately complied, and the *Comite* himself chose a Chain for me, the lightest he could find. He then ordered me to be chained to the Bench of the *Comite*. It may not be unnecessary to mention, that the *Comite* eats upon a Table raised over one of the Seats, by four Iron Feet. This Table also serves him for a Bed; and when he chooses to sleep, it is covered with a large Pavilion made of Cotton. The Slaves of that Bench sit under the Table, which can be easily taken away where it interferes with the working below of the Vessel. These six Slaves serve as Domestics to the *Comite*. Each has his particular Employ; and whenever he eats or sits here, all the Slaves of

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this and the Benches next it, are uncovered out of Respect. Every one is ambitious of being either in the *Comite's* or *Sous Comite's* Bench; not only because they have what is left of the Provisions of his Table, but also because they are never whipped while at Work. Those are called the *Respectable Benches*; and being placed in one of them, is looked upon as being in a petty Office. I was, as already mentioned, placed in this Bench, which however I did not long keep; for still retaining some of the Pride of this World, I could not prevail upon myself to behave with that Degree of abject Submission, which was necessary to my being in Favour. While the *Comite* was at Meals, I generally was turned another Way; and with my Cap on, pretended to take no Notice of what was passing behind me. The Slaves frequently said, that such Behaviour would be disagreeable, but I disregarded their Admonitions, thinking it sufficiently opprobrious to be the Slave of the King, without being also the Slave of

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his meanest Vassal. I had by this Means like to have fallen into the Displeasure of the *Comite*, which is one of the greatest Misfortunes that can befall a Galley-Slave. He enquired whether I partook of those Provisions he usually left; and being informed that I refused to touch a Bit: Give him his own Way, said he, for the present; a few Years Servitude will divest him of this Delicacy.

One Evening he called me to his Pavilion, and accosting me with more than usual Gentleness, unheard by the rest, he let me understand, that he perceived I was born of a Rank superior to the Rest of his Crew; which rather increased than diminished his Esteem; but, as by indulging my disrespectful Behaviour, the rest might take Example, he found it necessary to transfer me to another Bench: However, I might rest assured of never receiving a Blow from him, or his inferior Officers, upon any Occasion whatsoever. I testified my Gratitude in the best

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Manner I was able; and from that Time he kept his Promise; which was something extraordinary in one who usually seemed divested of every Principle of Humanity. Never was Man more severe to the Slaves in general, than he; yet he preserved a Moderation towards the *Huguenots* of his Galley, which argued a Regard for Virtue, not usually found among the lower Classes of People. To present the Reader with an Instance of his Respect for those of the Reformed Religion, let me repeat what happened the first Summer of my Slavery.

The Chevalier *Langeron Maulevrier*, our Captain, was bred up altogether in Jesuitical Principles. He held Protestants in the utmost Detestation, and frequently ordered the Comite to give the *Huguenots* an hempen Breakfast, so he jestingly termed a Whipping; which Order, tho' the Comite seemed to obey, his Blows were always sure to light on others. The Captain kept a very magnificent Equipage.

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The King's Allowance of five Hundred Livres *per* Month, for each Captain's Table, amounted to not half the Expense of his. Generally a Galley Slave is appointed to take Care of the Provisions, and serve as Clerk of the Kitchen. This Employment is reckoned a very easy one, as the Slave is thus exempt from handling the Oar and every other Fatigue, and Feasts every Day on the Captain's Provisions. The Chevalier happened to detect the Clerk of his Kitchen, in secreting for his own Use, sixty Pounds of Coffee. For this Offence he was immediately ordered a Bastonado of fifty Strokes, and to be chained to the criminal Bench; all which was punctually executed. The Captain, after this, applied to the Comite to find him among his Crew, a Slave fit for the Employment, and of approved Fidelity. Of Fidelity! replied the Comite, how can that be expected in an Crew of Malefactors? Yet, proceeded he, I know a Man worn out with Age, and incapable

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of continuing at the Oar, whose Fidelity I dare answer for; but then I am convinced, you will have an insurmountable Objection to him, for he is an Huguenot. The Captain seemed to hesitate upon this: Is there none else that you can recommend me? said he. None else, returned the other, for whose Fidelity I can answer. Well then, said the Captain, let me try him; let him be brought into my Presence. The Slave, venerable tho' in Chains, appeared, bowed down with Age and Labour, respected by all who knew him for his Candour and Probity, and bearing in his Visage, the Marks of an honest Heart. He was called *Bancillon*. The Sincerity with which he delivered himself, in answer to some preliminary Questions, greatly influenced the Captain in his Favour, and he was immediately entrusted with the Employment. His Fidelity was soon evident; the Captain reposed entire Confidence in him, even to the keeping and management of his privy Purse, in which

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Trust, *Bancillon* always behaved with the utmost Probity and Exactness. In short, he was held in such Esteem, that his Master would not be at the Trouble of Inspecting his Accompts, but tore them in Pieces in presence of the rest of his Domestics. This Degree of Favour, however, at last excited the Jealousy of a Part of the Captain's Household, which consisted of a Maitre d'Hotel, a Caterer, and a chief Cook. This Dislike was increased by his refusing them such Wines for their Table, as the Captain ordered him to set apart for his own. They were resolved, therefore, to take the first Opportunity of ruining him, and of secreting some of their Master's Effects, imagining that the old Slave alone would be suspected. *Bancillon* was apprized of their whole Plot, by one of their fellow Servants; and tho' he had it in his Power to ruin them, by giving them an Opportunity of putting their Designs into Execution, and then publicly detecting them; yet this good

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old Man chose rather to prevent Mischief than divulge it when perpetrated. He applies to the Captain, and requests Permission to resign his Office; I am old, said he, and incapable of continuing in my Employment; my Sight and my Memory fail me; let me again grasp the Oar: my Duty at it will soon rid *me* of a Life of Pain, and my Country of an useless Member of Society. While he was thus speaking the delinquent Domestics, fearing that he was making a Discovery of their Designs, and knowing that he had evidence against them, strove each who should be first in Discovery of the whole Plot, the better to obtain a separate Pardon. In a Word, this Conspiracy, which was formed to supplant the Protestant Slave, only fixed him the firmer in the Captain's Favour: Which on this Account, was, in some Measure, extended to four more of us, who were of the reformed Religion, aboard the same Galley.

In the Beginning of *July* 1702, our six

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Galleys left the Harbour of *Dunkirk*, and rowed into that of *Ostend*. From hence we made frequent Excursions, when the Sea was calm along the Coasts of *Blankenburg* and *Sluys*: From thence we returned to *Nieuport*, and the Mouth of the Channel.

One Day, when the Sea was perfectly serene, we observed a Squadron of twelve Dutch Men of War, becalmed at about five leagues Distance from *Nieuport*. We were ordered to reconnoitre; and perceiving one of them separated from the rest, were resolved with our six Galleys to cannonade it. The *Captain* of the Man of War was equally ignorant and obstinate. As he perceived us approaching, he only ordered his Men to prepare Places of Reception for the French Prisoners, which should be taken in the Engagement. He was it seems deceived by our Appearence at a Distance, as a Galley sails very deep, and its real Strength consists only in its Number of Hands, with which it over-powers the Enemy. His first Surgeon, a *French*

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Refugee (*Labadouz* by Name) was well aware of the approaching Danger. He entreated the *Dutch*-Man to be on his Guard, and endeavoured to convince him of the superior Strength of the Enemy. But all in vain, he took not the least Precaution, either to defend the Ship by his Artillery, or join the main Body of the Squadron, which might easily have been effected by towing the Ship with his Boats. As a Galley sails upon such Occasions with prodigious Swiftness, we were soon along side of him, and with all our Force raised the *Chamade*, or Shout of the whole Crew, which is done in order to intimidate the Enemy. There certainly is something shocking and terrible in the Approach of a Galley. Three hundred Men quite Naked, roaring all at once, and ratling their Chains in the most hideous Manner, impresses the Mind with strange Emotions; they must have Hearts well fortified, who can sustain the Encounter without trembling. In Effect, the whole Man of War's Crew

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were so much astonished, that they fled into the Hold and begged for Quarter. Our Soldiers and Sailors boarded without Opposition, and instantly became Masters of the Prize. She was called the *Unicorn*, of *Rotterdam*, and carried fifty-four Guns, but had Portholes for six more; she was not manned, however in proportion, her whole Crew consisting of but an hundred and twenty-four Men: a Force not able to resist the Multitudes we brought to the Attack. As soon as the Prisoners were secured, we towed her away to the Port of Ostend, in sight of Eleven of the Enemy's Men of War, who were unable to give the least Assistance; but, locked up by the Calm, continued tamely Spectators of their Loss. We made no other Expedition during the rest of the Season, but laid up for the Winter, in the Port of *Dunkirk*.

THE Year 1703, passed without any Achievement worthy of Notice, except, when the Weather permitted our alarming

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now and then the *English* Coast along the Channel.

In the Year 1704, we were stationed in the Port of *Ostend*, to observe a *Dutch* Squadron, who cruised at the Mouth of this Harbour. Whenever the Weather was calm we sallied out, and cannonaded them at a Distance, as our Guns carried much farther than theirs; and thus continued to harass them till the Wind beginning to rise, we were always obliged to retire. As Vice Admiral *Almonde* was one Day cruising with five *Dutch* Men of War, near *Blankenburgh*, he happened to take up a Fisherman, who belonged to that Coast. Desirous of having an Opportunity of fighting us upon equal Terms, he prevailed on this poor Man by a few Ducats, and the Promise of more should he succeed, to go with his little Bark into the Port of *Ostend*, and apprize the Commodore of the Gallies, that he had met a Fleet of five Homeward Bound *Dutch East-India* Men; the Crews of which were in so sickly a Condition, that they were

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unable to work the Fleet into any Port of *Holland*. The Fisherman, pursuant to his Instructions, entered the Port, and went to make his Report to the Commodore, accompanying his Relation with several plausible Circumstances. He affirmed among the rest, that he had been aboard the Fleet, and had sold all his Fish at an extraordinary price. We easily believe what we wish. Our Commodore came into the Snare, and ordered his six Gallies out, tho' the Sea then ran pretty high, and tho' it was ten o'Clock at Night. Not a Soldier or Sailor who had not the most sanguine Expectations. Nothing was talked of on Board, but of being soon possessed of immense Treasures. The Slaves alone had no Reason to participate in the general Expectation, as they never shared in the Advantages.

THE Wind blew fresh from the East, and we rowed all Night. By break of Day, we perceived our five pretended *India* Men; who upon seeing us, seemed to crowd all their Sails to avoid us. They sailed in a

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Line in such a Manner, that we could only perceive the Sternmost of them, which was the Admiral. They were so well disguised by covering their Ornaments at the Poop, stopping up their Port-holes, and taking in their Ensigns, that we actually took them for what they desired to appear, *India* Merchantmen. It cannot be expressed the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of the Officers and Sailors upon this Occasion; every Man seemed assured of now making his Fortune, and felt in Expectation perhaps more Pleasure than he could have found in Enjoyment. We gained upon them every Minute, as their Flight was only pretended, to make more sure of the meditated prey. We rowed with all our might in Line of Battle, attributing the slow Progress they made in avoiding us, to their being overloaded with Merchandise; and at last came within Gun-Shot. We now poured in upon them our Broadside, which was answered by a Swivel in the Admiral's Stern, which reached not half Way. This confirmed

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our Hopes into Certainty. We still advanced, keeping a continual Fire, which they bore with the utmost Tranquility. At length we were arrived so near, that all prepared for Boarding, Battle-Ax and Sabre in Hand. All at once, upon a Signal given, the Enemy veered about. We now saw ourselves encompassed by five Men of War, who having had full Time to prepare their Artillery, opened their Port-holes and let loose all their Fury upon us, in a most horrible Broadside. Our Masts fell, vast numbers of our Men were killed, and all seemed in the utmost Confusion. Then too late we perceived our Mistake; we then perceived that all their Stratagems were calculated to draw us from a Sand Bank, that runs at about three leagues Distance along this Coast. In short, we were so rudely received, that our Commodore gave the Signal for every Galley to save itself in the best Manner it could upon this Sand Bank, which the Enemy strove, but in vain, to prevent our gaining. Notwithstanding

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they escorted us thither very rudely; their Artillery incessantly annoyed us, and that so fiercely, that we were in the utmost Danger of sinking. Upon this Bank, however, we saved ourselves, from whence we gained the Port of *Ostend*, in a most shattered Condition, having had more than two hundred and fifty Men killed, and as great a Number wounded in this unfortunate Engagement. When arrived at *Ostend*, our first Concern was to find the Fisherman, who had deceived us, with a Resolution of making his paltry Life a sacrifice to the Number who had lost theirs by his Treachery. But he was too wise to wait our Return; and after a fruitless Enquiry, the Search was discontinued.

Our Commodore lost some Reputation by this Expedition. Every one talked of his Credulity and Imprudence in risking his Majesty's Galleys, and three thousand Men, for this was the Number of Hands on Board; his Imprudence, I say, for when in view of the *Dutch* Fleet, and holding a Council of War, he insisted

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upon it, that the Ships were *India* Men, nor would be persuaded by Monsieur *Fonette*, who offered Reasons for being of a contrary Opinion; nor would he send out his Brigantine to reconnoitre them. Instead of this, he obstinately refused all Advice, and imputed *Fonette's* Caution to Cowardice. This Imputation it was that lost so many Lives; for when this last Gentleman found his Advice thus misrepresented, he cried out in a courageous Extasy, Let us then dismiss Councils and take Arms; let the Enemy judge whether I am a Coward. He was indeed as good as his Word; for when the Signal for flight was given, he pretended not to perceive it, but continued issuing Orders, and encouraging his Men with the utmost Tranquility, tho' surrounded by the Enemy. Our Commodore, who had retired, and at a Distance beheld *Fonette's* Bravery, cried out to his Men, *Fonette* invites me to emulate his Courage; advance my Friends once more to the Enemy.

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The Comite falling on his Knees, entreated him against such Rashness, but in vain; the Commodore with a cocked Pistol in his Hand, persisted in his Orders, which obliged the unfortunate Comite to give the Signal for tacking about. His Galley was again got into the Middle of the Enemy, when the Comite was struck dead at the Commodore's Feet by a Cannon Ball. The Signal to retire was again repeated, and *Fonette* at last thought proper to obey. Both the Commodore and he escaped without sinking; however, numbers of unhappy Men fell a sacrifice to their romantic Bravery.

The rest of this Season we seemed not at all inclinable to new Expeditions; this last abated the Courage our former Success had inspired; and Admiral *Almonde* became so formidable, that we dreaded meeting him in Disguise in every Ship we ventured to pursue. How much he was feared, the following Anecdote may shew.

I have already mentioned our taking a

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Dutch Man of War, called the *Unicorn* of *Rotterdam.* I have also mentioned the Surgeon of this Ship, whose Name was *Labadouz*, a *French* Refugee. When this Vessel was brought into Ostend, the whole Crew were confined in the Prisons of the City. *Labadouz*, to prevent being sentenced to the Galleys, as being a *French* Protestant, enlisted aboard the Commodore's own Vessel as a Soldier, but soon after deserted, with a Design of escaping into *Holland.* He was taken and chained aboard the Galley till he should stand his Trial. He was to be tried by a Council of War, which when composed, he was arraigned in Form, and asked, whither he designed to go upon Desertion? He candidly confessed he intended for *Holland*, fully resolved to carry Arms against that Country, which indeed gave him Birth, but refused him Freedom. The Commodore, surprised at the Fortitude with which he delivered himself, Unhappy Man, said he; any other Answer had saved

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your Life; your worst Punishment would have been to be condemned to the Galleys; but by your present Behaviour you are almost guilty of Suicide, and sentence yourself to be hanged. Yes Sir, said the Surgeon; I here declare before the Council, that my Conduct has been directly opposite to his Majesty's Orders; and that if you act pursuant to them, you cannot choose but have me capitally convicted. The Council perceiving that he preferred Death to the Gallies, were resolved to thwart his gloomy Resolutions; and accordingly condemned him to the very Punishment he sought to avoid.

Admiral *Almonde* was acquainted with *Labadouz* for he had been Surgeon aboard his own Ship. He compassionated the Distress of a Man whose Merit deserved Regard; but more so, when he received a Letter, which *Labadouz* found Means to send him; in which it was represented that he had been constrained to enlist a Soldier to prevent his

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being made a Slave; that he had deserted the first Opportunity with a Design of returning to *Holland*, that he was taken and condemned to the Gallies for Life, where he must protract a miserable Existence in the utmost Wretchedness, without Hope or Pity, unless relieved by the Admiral, whose Compassion he knew, and whose Power was dreaded by all. We had been just returned from our late inglorious Expedition, when a Chaloupe with an Express entered the Harbour of *Ostend*. It was sent with a letter from *Almonde* to our Commodore, entreating him to release *Labadouz*, as he had been unjustly constrained, when a Prisoner of War, to enlist in the King of France's Service. The Admiral concluded with a Menace, that if *Labadouz* was not immediately delivered, he would take other Measures that might not be altogether agreeable. (This was thought to be an Intention of burning the Gallies in the Harbour, which could have been effected with very

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little Difficulty, and which at that Time was greatly feared.) This Letter had its desired Effect. Never had a Galley Slave been delivered before this, but by the King's *Lettres de Cachets*: However, the Commodore either terrified by the Admiral's Menaces, or willing to oblige him, gave *Labadouz* his Freedom that very Day, in the following Manner. He ordered him to be called into his Cabbin, and having commanded all others to leave the Room, he informed him that to oblige the *Dutch* Admiral, he was set at Liberty; but then he must leave the Galleys in a clandestine Manner; and that proper Orders should be given to connive at his Escape, that the Officer, whose Business it is to guard the Slaves, should be instructed not to chain him that Evening; and that the Shallop belonging to the Galley should carry him off to the *Flanders* coast. All which was punctually executed. *Labadouz*, when this Conversation was ended, desired Leave to go aboard the Galley of *Palma*.

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When he saw me, (for we had contracted a very intimate Friendship) he flew to my Arms to take the last Farewell. Our Separation affected us very differently, him with Sorrow, for leaving me to the Cruelty of my Enemies; me with Pleasure, at seeing my Friend relieved from unmerited Distress. When he was imagined to be in Safety, the Keeper went about as usual to see that all was safe. He pretended to be extremely concerned at the Flight of *Labadouz*, and immediately went to apprize the Commodore of his Escape. Now all seemed to be in Agitation, the Commodore threatened, the Keeper was confined for four and twenty Hours, and Parties were sent out a contrary Way, in order to retake the Fugitive. After a fruitless Search of four or five Hours, the Commodore thought proper to be pacified, was again reconciled to the delinquent Officer, and all went on in the same Channel as before.

The following Campaign *Ostend* was besieged by the Allied Army. Our six

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Galleys were armed in the Port of *Dunkirk*, and the *Chevalier Langeron*, the Captain of the Galley, to which I was chained, was made Commodore. His Predecessor, the *Chevalier Pailleterie*, went to take Possession of the Dignity of Grand Bailiff of *Malta*, into which Office he was chosen. Our new Commodore received Orders from Court to bring his Galleys into the Port of *Ostend*, in order to fortify the Garrison, as that City was threatened with a Siege. Upon this Advice we immediately sailed out, rowed all Night, and in the Morning found ourselves before *Nieuport*, three Leagues from *Ostend*. We perceived, along the Coast, Numbers of the Inhabitants of this last City, with Waggons and Horses loaded with their Effects, which they were saving from the threatened Siege. We sent our Chaloupe to speak to the People, and were by them informed, that the allied Army was in sight of *Ostend*, and that it would certainly be invested that Day. A little after we

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observed a numerous Fleet bearing down upon us with a North Wind, with a View of cutting off our Retreat to the Sand Bank, which runs from *Ostend* to *Nieuport*. As we were an Hour's sailing a-head of them, we might have got into *Ostend* with all imaginable Ease; but our Commodore, considering the Dangers to which we should be exposed in that Harbour, which was covered from the Besiegers but on one Side, considering also that if Fireships should be sent against us, the Effects might be fatal: Add to this that the Galleys must share the same Fate with the City, if it was taken: —Upon these Considerations, I say, and by the Advice of a Council of War, he resolved to return to *Dunkirk*.

The Prudence of *Langeron's* Conduct in not executing his Orders, was praised and commended by the Court, as *Ostend* was besieged by Land and Sea, and was obliged to surrender in three Days; not through Defect of a sufficient Garrison, but rather because the Garrison was too numerous.

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The Count *de la Mothe*, who was in the Neighbourhood with a flying Army of twenty-two Battalions and some Squadrons, threw himself with all his Forces into the City. Thus, as the Allies attacked it only with Bombs and red hot Balls, in so small a Place so much crowded, hardly a Shell burst that did not do horrible Execution. They obtained however honourable Terms, and marched out with Colours flying, but upon Condition that they should not bear Arms for one Year.

During the three Days which this City was bombarding, we went every Night without Fire or Light, to endeavour to steal any of the Enemy's Ships that might be separated from the rest. Our Diligence happened not to be rewarded with Success; we had only the Pleasure of seeing the grandest Firework that could be imagined; for the Sky seemed all in a Blaze with those infernal Engines, which fell as thick as Hail among the besieged. We now had no Place of Retreat left, except the

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Port of *Dunkirk*; so that we passed the whole Summer without venturing to stir out, except in a profound Calm. This procured the harassed Slaves some Repose, as our Employment in Port was not very fatiguing. We always were laid up in the Month of *October*, and fitted out in the beginning of *April* to recommence Hostilities.

The following Year, 1707, the Galley Slaves underwent unspeakable Fatigues; for an East Wind prevailed almost the whole Season, which was proper for scouring the Channel. Here we took a small *English* Privateer, and burnt one belonging to *Ostend* near the Coasts of *England*. We were once in great Danger of losing two of our Galleys, which happened as follows. While in the Port of *Dunkirk*, and waiting for Weather proper for putting to Sea, the most inviting Calm flattered us out. Not a Cloud was to be seen; the Sea wore the smoothest Surface; and almost all the Pilots of the Coast assured us of settled Weather. Chevalier *Langeron*,

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impatient to visit the *English* Coasts, was resolved to give sailing Orders. But as we were now become much more cautious than we had formerly been, he usually, upon such Occasions, asked the Opinion of all from whom he expected the least Information concerning the Weather. These Precautions were necessary; for should a Storm from the South or South-west surprise us, and should we miss the Port of *Dunkirk*, we must infallibly founder in the *German* Ocean, or drive upon some Coast belonging to the Allies, either of which would be equally fatal. The Pilots, as I have said, were unanimous, that we should not let slip the Opportunity. All except one, whose Name was *Peter Bart*, and who, tho' but a Fisherman of Dunkirk, was Brother to the famous *John Bart*, the *Swedish* Admiral. *Peter* was almost always drunk; whenever he had an Opportunity he took down Draughts of Gin like Water, and was despised by all the Pilots of the Coast, as being an im-

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proper Person to be relied on. This Man, however, had all the natural Talents of his Brother; he only wanted his Ambition to put them into Action, and make him in every Respect equal. He understood the Coasts perfectly well, and seldom was out in prognosticating the Weather, even three Days before hand. He, as has been already hinted, gave his Opinion quite different from the rest; and, in his bad *French*, assured the Captain, that he should next Morning have a *glorious Storm*. His advice was rejected, and we put to Sea in the most serene Weather that Eye ever beheld; we might have carried a lighted Candle at our Mast Head. The best Part of the Night was spent in alarming the *English* Coast, after which we returned to the Coasts of *France*, but not to our usual Port. By I know not what Whim of our Captain's, we cast Anchor in a Creek made by the jutting of two Mountains, not far from *Ambleteuse*, a little Village situated between *Calais* and *Boulogne*.

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Peter entreated us to keep the open Sea; he assured us that at Sun rising we should have a furious Tempest from the South, and as the Creek was exposed to this Wind, it would be impossible either to come out, or avoid the sunken Rocks with which the Place abounded. We made slight of his Admonitions, dropped two Anchors, and every Man but he composed himself to rest. The Sun at last began to rise, and the Wind seemed to increase in Proportion. The Attention of all was now employed; we prepared to leave the Creek, but it was too late; the Tempest began to rage with such Fury, that instead of weighing Anchor, we were obliged to cast two more. The Storm still increased, every Wave washed over us; and to add to our Misfortunes, the Galley dragged her Anchors. We now began to row to assist our Anchors, but our Oars were instantly forced out of our Hands, and shivered in a thousand Pieces. Shipwreck seemed inevitable; we could perceive

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the Rocks now and then appear in the dreadful Chasms between the Waves, and all prepared for instant Death. How different now was the Appearance of the Master and the Slave! of those who were going to be snatched from all the Pleasures of Life, and us who were soon to be delivered from a State of Misery and Woe. What Tears did they not shed! What Vows did they not make! What Meanness of Soul did they not testify! while we, some with a joyful Serenity, wished for a final Manumission from Labour; some with opprobrious Insult loaded the Pusilanimity of their Masters, now become less than their Equals. Now for it, my good Friends, said some of the Slaves, more hardened than the rest, we shall soon drink out of the same Glass. Perhaps we shall soon hold the Whip in our Turn. In this Extremity the Captain had Recourse to *Peter*, whose Advice had before been rejected with Contempt. He seemed at first unwilling to attempt our

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Delivery; but considering that if we were drowned, himself must go to the Bottom, he undertook our Deliverance.

He chose out four of the most resolute Sailors, put them on board the Shallop, and gave them an Anchor, but kept the Cable on board, which he bound to the Ship's Stern; he then ordered them to fasten this Anchor to a Rock which we had a little before struck against, but had got over. This, though with the utmost Difficulty, they effected, while all the Crew were amazed, not knowing what he designed by such a Manœuvre. He then fixed the Sails in such a Manner, as to take in a quarter of the Wind, and cutting the four Cables which held the Vessel by the Prow, she necessarily turned about, being tied fast by the Stern. When she was turned as much as he would have her, he then spread his Sails, handed the Helm himself, and steered us once more into the open Sea. It was now resolved to take Shelter from the Tempest in the first friendly Port that offered. *Dunkirk* lay

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to the leeward; it was but twelve Leagues from us, and the Tempest would carry us there in three Hours with the greatest Ease; but all the Dread was, lest it should drive us beyond the Harbour, which would oblige us to put into some Port in *Holland.* This was what the slaves earnestly desired, but what was equally feared by the Officers and the rest of the Ship's Company. However, Necessity compelled, and they were obliged to venture. We accordingly soon came before the Harbour of *Dunkirk.* We had lost all our Anchors, but the Galley of Mr *Fontête*, who kept us Company, supplied us with two, which we immediately cast; and as there was good anchorage there, remained in tolerable Security. Here we were obliged to wait six Hours, expecting the Tide with which to enter the Harbour. During this Time we were in the most afflicting Circumstances. The Waves every Moment rose over, and seemed to bury us in their Bosom. We were obliged to keep the Hatchways close, or the Hold would soon be filled

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with Water, which would certainly sink the Galley. Not only the Ship's Company but all the Inhabitants of Dunkirk were on their Knees praying for our Deliverance; the Host was exposed, and Masses put up in our Behalf: This was all the Aid they could afford, as no Boat durst leave the Harbour to succour us. The Port of *Dunkirk* is formed by two Moles, which jut half a League into the Sea: The Approximation of the Ends of these Moles form the Mouth of the Harbour, the Entrance of which is difficult to Ships coming with a South Wind, because of a Sand Bank which lies before it. It requires great Dexterity to guide a Ship in between the Bank and the Mole, and then turn short to enter the Harbour; and the Difficulty was greatly increased by the tempestuous Weather. Besides all this, the Moles were covered by the Waves; and it required a perfect Knowledge of their Situation to avoid dashing against them. We were obliged again to have recourse to *Peter Bart*; he, insensible of our Danger, was

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sleeping upon one of the Benches, but had desired to be waked, should Necessity require his Presence. Our Situation was indeed deplorable enough; we had been washed by every Wave for two Days, all which Time we had not the smallest Refreshment; for if the Hold, where all the Provisions were kept, had been opened, the Sea would have rushed in, and we should have been infallibly drowned. *Peter* alone was not a Partaker in the general Consternation. He directed what was proper to be done: He, contrary to the usual Method on such Occasions, spread his Sails, steered thro' the very Midst of the narrow Entrance, and turned short into the Harbour; but, as he had foreseen, we came in with such Rapidity, that it was impossible to stop till our Galley dash'd with the utmost Violence against the Fisher's Quay. Mr *Fontête* imitated our Manœuvre exactly, and with the same happy Success.

THE Captain used every Entreaty to persuade our skilful Pilot to remain on

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board, and offered him double Wages; but the surly *Dutchman* refused his Offers with Contempt; saying, that though he had once rescued a Parcel of Fools from drowning, yet those Fools might one Day drown him, should he continue in their Company. After this Adventure, we kept in Port the whole Summer, and disarmed the Galley betimes for the Winter.

THE Year 1708, we fitted out for Sea in April, but without any other Expedition, than that of alarming the Coasts of *England*, and keeping their Troops in Exercise. As soon as any of their Men of War, stationed to guard the Coasts, appeared, we put back with the utmost Precipitation, and found Safety in some Port of *France*. Thus were we employed till the 5th of *September*, a Day never to be forgotten by me, a Day on which new Calamities were heaped upon my poor Head.

FOR the better understanding what I am about to relate, it may not be unnecessary to return back to an Anecdote which

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may throw some Light on what is to follow.

In the Beginning of Summer, 1708, Queen *Anne*, among many other Ships which were put into Commission, had one, a Vessel of seventy Guns, commanded by —— *Smith*, a concealed Papist, and one who bore an implacable Hatred to his Country. His Ship was stationed to guard the Coasts; and as she did not compose Part of any Fleet, the Captain was at liberty to cruise with her as he thought proper. He accordingly sailed to *Gottenburgh*, where he sold her Majesty's Man of War, whether to the King of *Sweden*, or to private Merchants, I do not remember. Be that as it will, the Ship was sold, and he received the Price; and immediately after retired into *France*, to offer his Services to *Louis* XIV. against his native Country. The King received him very graciously, and promised him the first Captain's Commission that should be vacant; but, in the mean time, advised

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him to serve as a Volunteer aboard the Galley of Mr *Langeron* at *Dunkirk*; and that Orders should be given to receive him with that Respect which was his due. The Advice of Kings is but a concealed Manner of commanding; at least, *Smith* took it in that Light, and obeyed. The Chevalier *Langeron* received him very politely, and entertained him at his own Expense. In all our toilsome, but fruitless Expeditions to the Coasts of *England*, Captain *Smith* was one. He would often advise us to a Descent upon the Coast, in order to burn their Towns, where he might at once have an Opportunity of shewing his Bravery, and gratifying his unnatural Hatred; but it was thought too dangerous to comply. The Coasts were guarded by patrolling Parties, while large Bodies of trained Troops were placed at convenient Distances from each other; a Species of Animals *French* sailors do not much care to meddle with. *Smith*, burning with Rage against *England*, had his Head filled with nothing but Schemes to

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offend it: Among the rest, he sent Proposals to the *French* Court, of burning *Harwich*, a little Town situated at the Mouth of the *Thames*, provided the six Gallies were submitted to his Command. The King approved his Project, gave Orders to Commodore *Langeron* to follow Captain *Smith's* Instructions in the whole of the Expedition, and to the Intendant, to furnish whatever was necessary towards carrying it on. The Chevalier *Langeron* felt some Repugnance at being subjected to the Control of a Stranger, invested with no Commission; however, he obeyed with seeming Satisfaction, while *Smith* gave the necessary Directions for collecting Combustibles, and a Reinforcement of Soldiers, with whatever else was thought necessary. Every Thing being in Readiness, we put to Sea on the 5th of *September* in a fine clear Morning, with a gentle favourable Wind at North-East. We arrived at the Mouth of the *Thames*, without using our Oars, at about five in the Evening. But *Smith*

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being of Opinion that we were too early, and that we might be discovered if we came too near the Shore, ordered us to stand off to Sea till Nightfall, and to make our Descent when it was dark. We had not lay too half an Hour, when the Sailor at the Mast-head cried out, A Fleet to the North, steering West, thirty-six Sail, Merchant-built, and escorted by a Frigate of about thirty Cannon. It was, in fact, a Fleet of Merchant Ships, who had left the *Texel*, and were making for the Mouth of the *Thames*.

Our Commodore immediately called a Council of War, in which it was concluded, that, without regarding *Harwich*, we should endeavour to make ourselves Masters of this Fleet; that this would be doing the King better Service than burning *Harwich*; that an Opportunity would every Day offer for doing that; but so rich a Booty as this would seldom occur. These Reasons, nevertheless, did not in the least influence Captain *Smith*; he protested against their

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Resolutions, alleging that his Majesty's Orders should be obeyed, without being drawn away by any different Enterprise, and that we should steer to the South, to prevent being seen by this Fleet.

THE Council of War persevered in their Resolution, secretly pleased at thwarting the Designs of a Man, whom they regarded with Envy, and whose Success would but give them Cause to repine.

THE Result of the Deliberations of the Council was, an Order to the six Captains to attack this Fleet. We made all possible Haste, with both Sails and Oars; and as it approached us, while we made towards it, we soon came up.

OUR Commodore had given Orders to four of the Galleys to invest, if possible, and master the Merchant Ships, which was an easy matter, as such Vessels are for the most Part defenceless, while our Galley, which was Commodore, and that of Chevalier *Mauviliers*, should attack and

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become Masters of the Frigate, which served for Convoy.

In pursuance of these Dispositions, four Galleys took a Compass to surround the Merchantmen, and cut off their Entrance into the *Thames*, while we went directly to attack the Frigate. The Frigate perceiving our Design, and the Danger which threatened the Whole, or the greatest Part of the Fleet, took its Measures accordingly. It was an *English* Ship, the Captain of which had the Character of being one of the most resolute, yet prudent Commanders in the *British* Navy: And, indeed, his Conduct, in this Conjuncture, did not give Fame the Lie. He ordered the Merchantmen to crowd all the Sail possible to get into the *Thames*; doubting not, for his own Part, but he should be able, with his little Frigate, to cut out Work enough for six *French* Galleys: And let what would be the Result of the Engagement, he was determined not to give out till he saw the Ships under his Convoy in Safety. Pursuant

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to this Resolution, he spread his Sails, and bore down upon us, as if he intended to be the first Aggressor.

Of the two Galleys ordered to attack the Frigate, ours alone was in a Capacity to begin the Engagement, as our Associate had fallen back at least a League behind us; either because she did not sail so fast as we, or else her Captain chose to let us have the Honour of striking the first Blow. Our Commodore, who seemed no way disturbed at the Approach of the Frigate, thought our Galley alone would be more than a Match for the *Englishman*; but the Sequel will shew, that he was somewhat deceived in this Conjecture.

As we both mutually approached each other, we were soon within Cannon Shot, and accordingly the Galley discharged our Broadside. The Frigate, silent as Death, approached us without firing a Gun, but seemingly steadily resolved to reserve all her Terrors for more close Engagement. Our Commodore, nevertheless, mistook *English*

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Resolution for Cowardice: What, cried he, is the Frigate weary of carrying *English* Colours? And does she come to surrender without a Blow? The Boast was premature. Still we approached each other, and now were within Musket-Shot. The Galley incessantly poured in her Broadside and Small-arms; the Frigate, all this while, preserving the most dreadful Tranquility that Imagination can conceive. At last the *Englishman* seemed all at once struck with a Panic, and began to fly for it. Nothing gives more Spirits than a flying Enemy; nothing was heard but boasting among our Officers: We could at one Blast sink a Man of War; aye, that we could; and with Ease too. If Mr *English* does not strike in two Minutes, down he goes, down to the Bottom. All this time the Frigate was in Silence, preparing for the Tragedy which was to ensue. Her Flight was but pretended, and done with a View to entice us to board her in Stern; which, as being the weakest Quarter,

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Gallies generally choose to attack. Against this Quarter they endeavour to drive their Beak, and then generally board the Enemy, after having cleared the Decks with their five Pieces of Cannon. The Commodore, in such a favourable Conjuncture, as he imagined this to be, ordered the Galley to board, and bid the Men at the Helm to bury her Beak, if possible, in the Frigate. All the Sailors and Soldiers stood ready with their Sabres and Battle-Axes to execute his Commands. The Frigate, who perceived our Intentions, dexterously avoided our Beak, which was just ready to be dash'd against her Stern; so that, instead of seeing the Frigate sink in the dreadful Encounter, as was expected, we had the Mortification to behold her fairly along-side of us; an Interview which struck us with Terror. Now it was that the *English* Captain's Courage was conspicuous; as he had foreseen what would happen, he was ready with his Grappling Irons, and fixed us fast by his Side. His Artillery began

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to open, charged with Grape-Shot; all on board the Galley were as much exposed as if upon a Raft; not a Gun was fired that did not make horrible Execution; we were near enough even to be scorched with the Flame. The *English* Masts were filled with Sailors, who threw Hand-Grenades among us like Hail, that scattered Wounds and Death wherever they fell. Our Crew now no longer thought of attacking; they were even unable to make the least Defence. The Terror was so great, as well among the Officers as common Men, that they seemed incapable of Resistance. Those who were neither killed nor wounded, lay flat, and counterfeited Death, to find Safety. The Enemy perceiving our Fright, to add to our Misfortunes, threw in forty or fifty Men, who, Sword in Hand, hewed down all that ventured to oppose, sparing, however, the Slaves who made no Resistance. After they had cut away thus for some Time, being constrained back by our still surviving Numbers, they continued to pour an infernal Fire among us.

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CHEVALIER *Langeron*, seeing himself reduced to this Extremity, seeing a great Part of his Crew either killed or wounded, was the only Man a Board who had Courage enough to wave the Flag of Distress, by which he called the other Gallies of the Squadron to his Aid.

THE Galley which had laid a-stern was soon up with us, and the other Four, who had almost taken possession of the Merchantmen, upon seeing our Signal and perceiving our Distress, quitted the intended Prey to come to our Assistance. Thus the whole Fleet of Merchant Ships saved themselves in the *Thames*. The Gallies rowed with such Swiftness, that in less than half an Hour, the whole Six had encompassed the Frigate. Her Men were now no longer able to keep the Deck, and she presented a favourable Opportunity for being Boarded. Twenty five Grenadiers from each Galley, were ordered upon this Service. They met with no Opposition in coming on; but scarce were they crowded upon the Deck, when

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they once again were saluted *à L'Anglois*. The Officers of the Frigate were intrenched in the Forecastle, and fired upon the Grenadiers incessantly. The rest of the Crew also did what Execution they were able thro' the Gratings, and at last cleared the Ship of the Enemy. Another Detachment was ordered to board, but with the same Success; however, it was at last thought advisable with Hatchets and other proper Instruments to lay open her Decks, and by that Means make the Crew Prisoners of War. This was, tho' with extreme Difficulty, executed; and in spite of their firing, which killed several of the Assailants, the Frigate's Crew were at last constrained to surrender. The Officers were still possessed of the Forecastle and still kept up as brisk a Fire as before. They also were to be forced in like Manner, which was not effected without Loss. Thus were all the Ship's Company made Prisoners except the Captain. He took refuge in the Cabin, where he fired upon us with

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the utmost Obstinacy; swearing that he would spill the last Drop of Blood, before he should see the Inside of a *French* Prison. The rest of the *English* Officers, who had by this Time been conducted aboard us, described their Captain as a Man perfectly Fool-hardy, as one determined to blow the Frigate into the Air, rather than strike, and painted his Resolution in such striking Colours, that even the Conquerors trembled. Every Person now expected to see the Frigate blown up, while they themselves must share the Danger of so terrible a neighbourhood. The Way to the Powder Room led thro' the Cabbin, and *that* the *English* Captain was still possessed of; and were the Frigate blown up, it must have been attended with the most fatal Effects to the six Galleys. In this Extremity it was concluded to summon the Captain in the most gentle Terms, and to promise him the kindest Treatment upon surrendering. He only answered all this by firing as fast as he could. At length the last Remedy

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was to be put into Execution; to take him dead or alive. For this Purpose, a Serjeant and twelve Grenadiers got orders with Bayonets fixed to break open his Door, and kill him if he refused to surrender. The Serjeant at the Head of his Detachment, would have soon burst the Door; but the Captain, who expected all this, with his loaded Pistol, shot him thro' the Head. The Grenadiers apprehensive of the same Fate, quickly betook themselves to flight; nor was it in the Power of any of the Officers to prevail on them, once more to renew the Engagement, tho' seemingly so unequal. They alleged in their Vindication, that as they could advance into the Room but one a-breast, the Captain would kill them all one after the other. Again recourse was had to gentle Methods, and entreaty was used, which had at last the desired Success. All this seeming Resolution, this Conduct, which appeared rather the Effect of Insensibility than Prudence, was artfully assumed only, to prolong the En-

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gagement, till the Merchant Fleet were in Safety, which when the *English* Captain perceived from his Cabin Window, he then began to listen to Reason; yet still, to prolong the Time as much as lay in his Power, he pretended another Obstacle to his surrendering; he alleged it as beneath him to deliver up his Sword to any but the Commodore, and desired that he would come down to receive it; adding, that brave Men should only be the Prisoners of each other. Accordingly a Truce was agreed on, till his Demand should be reported to the Commodore; who sent back Word by his second Lieutenant, that a Commander should never quit his Post or his Ship. At last the Captain gave up his Sword without farther Parley, like a real *Englishman*, despising Ceremony when Ceremony could be no longer useful. He was now brought before our Commodore, who could not help testifying some surprise at the minute Figure, which had made such a mighty Uproar.

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He was humped-back'd, pale-faced, and as much deformed in Person, as beautiful in Mind. Our Commodore complimented him on his Bravery; adding, that his present Captivity was but the Fortune of War, the Loss of his Ship the Safety of the Fleet entrusted to his Care, and that he should have no Reason to regret his being a Prisoner; since, by the Treatment he should receive, his Bondage would be merely nominal. I feel no regret, replied the little Captain; my Duty called me to defend my Charge, tho' at the Loss of my Vessel. In what Light my Services may be represented to my Country, I know, nor care not. I might perhaps have had more Honour among them by saving His Majesty's Ship by flight, and I should certainly have more Profit as I should still be continued in Command; but this Consolation remains, that I have served *England* faithfully, nor can I feel any private Loss by an Action which enriches the Public, and serves to make my Country

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more happy. Your kind Treatment of me, may not perhaps be without its Reward; tho' I should never have the Opportunity, you will find some of my Countrymen, who have Gratitude; and that Fortune which now puts me into your Power, may one Day put you into theirs. The noble Boldness with which he expressed himself, charmed the Commodore: he returned him his Sword; adding very politely, take, Sir, a Weapon no Man better deserves to wear; forget that you are my Prisoner, but remember that I expect you for my Friend. There was soon, however, some Reason to repent of this Indulgence, as the Consequences of giving him back his Sword, had like to have been fatal. The Captain being introduced into the Cabin of the Galley, beheld there *Smith* the Traitor, and instantly knew him. *England* had set a Price upon this Wretch's Head of a thousand Pounds; so that he regarded every Thing that was *English* with the utmost Detestation. These two could not

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long behold each other, without feeling those Emotions, which a Contrast between the greatest Virtue and Vice occasions; and the little Captain was all on Fire to take Vengeance for his Country on its Betrayer. Perfidious Man! said he, drawing his Sword, since the Hand of Justice cannot give you the Death you merit, take it from mine; and at the same Time he run against him, resolved to plunge his Sword in his Breast; fortunately for both, the Commodore was near enough to prevent the Rashness of his Conduct, by taking the Assailant in his Arms, and stopped the meditated Blow, to the great Regret of the Captain; who vow'd he had been better pleased with such an Action, than to have taken the six Gallies. Captain *Smith* represented it to the Commodore as highly unfit that the Prisoner should be in the same Galley with him, and begged to remove him to another, which the Commodore refused; alleging, that as he was his Prisoner, he must remain where he was, but that Captain *Smith*

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had his Choice of any of the other five Galleys for his Residence. We took possession of our Prize, which was called the *Nightingale*; the Name of the brave little Fellow who commanded her I have forgot.

We immediately set sail with our Prize, from the Mouth of the *Thames*, but were obliged to make several Turnings and false Routes to deceive four Men of War, which were sent after us: By those Turnings and by the Favour of the Night, we escaped the Pursuit; notwithstanding, we could not reach the Harbour of *Dunkirk*, till three Days after, which we did without any other Adventure worthy of Notice.

Such were the Circumstances of this Engagement, without descending to particulars. In every Expedition, the Poor and those of humbler Stations, who suffer most, are least taken notice of; the Miseries of the Great are held up to engage our Compassion and Attention, while the Slave who feels the most complicated Distress,

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seldom finds even Pity to soften his Sorrows.

With respect to myself, for I must bring back my Reader again to the minute Subject of this Memoir; I escaped Death almost miraculously; the Manner is too strongly imprinted on my poor maimed Body, for any of the Circumstances to escape my Mind.

We have seen how the Frigate avoided being boarded, by dexterously turning to lie on our Side, by which we were exposed to the Fire of her Artillery, charged with Grape Shot. It happened that my Seat, on which there were five *Frenchmen* and one *Turk*, lay just opposite one of the Cannons, which as I readily perceived was charged. The two Vessels lay so close, that by raising my Body in the least, I could touch this Cannon with my Hand. A Neighbourhood so terrible, filled us all with silent Consternation. My Companions lay flat on the Seat, and in that Posture endeavoured to avoid or rather waited the coming Blow. I had presence of Mind

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sufficient to observe, that this Gun was pointed in such a Manner, that those who lay flat would receive almost all its Contents; and accordingly was determined to sit upright, since I was chained, it was impossible entirely to quit my Station. In this Manner then I awaited Death; which however, I had scarce any Hopes of escaping. My Eyes were fixed upon the Gunner, who with his lighted Match, was employed in discharging every Piece, one after the other. I saw him approach nearer and nearer to the fatal one, and felt all that Opposition of Passions, so Consonant to my Circumstances, Dread of immediate Pain and Hope of ensuing Happiness. I lifted my heart to my God, in all the Exstasy of fervent Devotion. Have Pity, O Father, on my poor Soul, and as thou hast allotted me to mourn on Earth, may I be comforted with thyself in Heaven. I now felt stronger Assurance of Divine Mercy, than I had ever before experienced, and looked upon Death with Philosophic; nay more, with

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Christian Fortitude. I had the Constancy to observe the Gunner apply the lighted Match, what followed I only knew by the Consequences. The Explosion had stunned me, I was blown from my Seat upon the Coursier, which was as far as my Chain would permit. Here I remained, I cannot say how long, lying across the Body of the Lieutenant of the Galley, who had been killed some Time before. The space, however, must have been considerable, as I afterwards gathered from different Circumstances. At last recovering my Senses, and finding myself lying upon a dead Body, I crept back to my seat. It was Night, and the Darkness was such, that I could neither see the Blood that was spilled, nor the Carnage that was heaped around me. I imagined that their former Fears still operated upon my Companions; and that they still kept upon their Bellies to avoid the no longer threatening Danger. I felt no pain from any Wound, and thought all in perfect safety. I remained in this com-

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placency of thought for some Time, and even took a malignant Pleasure in the Continuance of the Terrors of my fellow Slaves. But at last, desirous to free them from their Fears, I gently kicked him that lay next me, rise my Boy, said I, the Danger is over. I received no Answer, I spoke louder, but still all were silent about me. The *Turk* of our Seat, one remarkable for his Truth and Probity, who had been chained next me, was lying among the rest; he had been a Janissary, and had frequently boasted of his never knowing what Fear was. I was accordingly resolved to rally the Fellow upon his present Behaviour. What *Isouf*! cried I, where is your boasted Intrepidity now? for shame rise, the Slaughter is over. Upon this I went to raise him by the Hand; when, O Horror! My Blood still freezes at the Remembrance! This Hand came away from his Body; and with its deadly Coldness, chilled me with more than usual Terror. I threw it back with Detestation on the Body of the poor Wretch to whom it

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belonged, and quickly perceived that my Companions were mashed to pieces, by that very Discharge which I avoided; and that of six, I alone remained the miserable Survivor. I was sitting in a pensive Posture on the Slaves Seat, and had not been long in this Attitude, when I perceived somewhat moist and cold run down my Body, which was naked. I put my Hand to the Place and found it wet; but as it was dark, I was unable to distinguish what it was. I suspected it, however, to be Blood, flowing from some Wound, and following with my Hand the Course of the Stream, I found my Shoulder near the Clavicle, was pierced quite through. I now felt another Gash in my left Leg, below the Knee, which also went thro, again another, made I suppose by a Splinter, which ripped the Integuments of my Belly; it was a Foot long, and four Inches broad. I lost a great Quantity of Blood, before I could have any Assistance; all near me were dead, as well those before and behind me, as those of my own

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Seat. Of eighteen Persons on the three Seats, there was left surviving only me, wounded as I was in three different Places, and all by the Explosion of one Cannon only. But if we consider the Manner of charging with Grape Shot, our wonder at such prodigious Slaughter will cease. After the Cartouche of Powder, a long Tin Box filled with Musquet Balls is rammed in. When the Piece is fired, the Box breaks, and scatters its Contents most surprisingly.

I WAS now forced to wait till the Battle was ended, before I could expect any Relief. All on board were in the utmost Confusion; the Dead, the Dying, and the Wounded, lying upon each other, composed the frightful Scene. Groans from those who desired to be freed from the Dead; Blasphemies from the Slaves who were wounded to Death; arraigning Heaven for making their End not less unhappy than their Lives had been. The *Coursier* could not be passed from the dead Bodies which lay on it. The Seats were filled not only with Slaves, but also

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with Sailors and Officers, who were wounded or slain. Such was the Carnage, that the Living hardly found Room to throw the Killed into the Sea, or succour the Wounded. Add to all this, the Obscurity of the Night (for we could not light a Candle, for fear of being seen by the four Men of War already mentioned). All this considered, I say, where could Misery have been found equal to mine! We continued thus embarrassed for a great Part of the Night, till at last, upon the surrendering of the Frigate, all Things were adjusted, as well as Time and Circumstances could permit. The five other Gallies gave all the Assistance in their Power, putting the Wounded, the Oars, and other Tackling of the Vessel, in the best Order they could. Their Loss was by no Means equal to our's: They therefore, with all the Despatch, and all the Silence in their Power, gave us Assistance. Despatch and Silence were absolutely necessary; for we could discern several Lights leaving the Mouth of the *Thames*; and could hear several Signals made by Cannon, which,

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by the Flashes seemed to approach; by which we were confirmed, that these were Men of War sent out to pursue us. The first Concern of the Sailors was to throw the Dead overboard; and to stow the Wounded in the Hold. But so much did their Fears of being made Prisoners increase their Despatch, that I verily believe as great a Number of the Living were thrown over for Dead, as of those who were dead in Reality. For in the Confusion of the Night, they flung over all who shewed no Signs of Life; though several, through Fear, or Loss of Blood, were insensible; but, by proper Treatment, might easily have recovered. In this Manner I had like to have found that Death from my barbarous Countrymen, which I had escaped from the Enemy. When the *Keeper* came to unchain the Killed and Wounded of my Seat, I was fallen into a Swoon, without Sense or Motion; lying among the Dead bathed in their Blood and my own, which flowed from my Wounds in great Abundance. This made the Keeper and his Attendants

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conclude, that all in that Seat were killed. They accordingly did but unchain the Slaves, and then threw them over, without any previous Examination: It was sufficient for them if the Body neither spoke or cried. In short, those Marine *Undertakers* did their Work so precipitately, that they emptied the Seat in an Instant. My departed Comrades, it is true, were not in very equivocal Circumstances, as they had been too strongly impressed with the Hand of Death to be mistaken; and they were thrown over Limb by Limb. Mine was the only Body that remained entire; but dead to all Appearance. I was going to be unchained accordingly, in order to keep my Fellow Slaves Company. I had been chained by the left Leg; and, as I have said already, was also wounded in the same. The Keeper grasped this Leg in his Hand, while an Assistant endeavoured to wrench open the Ring by which I was fastened to the Chain. Fortunately for me, the Keeper happened to press his Fingers against my Wound so strongly, that the Pain

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revived me. I roared out in inexpressible Anguish; which made the Fellow let go his Grasp. I now perceived their Intention; and fearing lest they might still put it into Execution, cried out as loud as I could, Pray do not throw me in; I am not yet dead. They upon this carried me to the Hold, among the rest of the Wounded; and threw me upon a Cable, made up into a *Rouleau.* Perhaps the hardest Bed of Repose that ever a Man, in the agonizing Pain I then felt, had to lie on.

The Wounded were thrown indiscriminately into the Hold; Petty Officers, Sailors, Soldiers, and Slaves: there was no Distinction of Places, no Bed to lie upon, nor any Succour to be had. With Respect to myself, I continued three Days in this miserable Situation: The Blood coming from my Wounds was stopped by a little Spirit of Wine; but there was no Bandage used, nor did the Surgeon once come to examine whether I was dead or alive. In this suffocating Hole, the Wounded, who might otherwise have sur-

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vived, died in great Abundance. The Heat and the Smell were intolerable, so that the slightest Sore seemed disposed to mortify; while those who had lost limbs, or received large Wounds, went off by an universal Putrefaction.

In this deplorable Situation we at last arrived at *Dunkirk*, where the Wounded were put on Shore, in order to be carried to the Marine Hospital. We were drawn up from the Hold by Pulleys, and carried to the Hospital on Men's Shoulders. The Slaves were consigned to Apartments separate from the Men who were free, and lodged in two large Rooms; forty Beds in each Room: Every Slave being chained by the Leg to the Foot of his Bed. We were visited once every Day by the Surgeon-Major of the Hospital, accompanied by all the Navy and Galley-Surgeons who were then in Port. I happened to be very strongly recommended to the above-mentioned Gentleman in the Manner following.

The same Year in which I was confined

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on board the Gallies at *Dunkirk*, I had been recommended by my Relations of *Bourdeaux*, *Bergerac*, and *Amsterdam*, to Mr P * * * [*Piecourt*], a rich and eminent Banker, who sometimes resided at *Dunkirk*. He was a Native of *B.* [*Bordeaux*] of Protestant Extraction, and such in Sentiment, but outwardly he professed himself a Roman Catholic. He lived in the utmost Affluence, was generous and hospitable to the poor, and ever ready to supply the Rich with such Sums as their immediate Occasions might require. This last Quality procured him the Esteem and Regards of all the Great, and gave him no small Importance in the Eyes of the World. This Gentleman, finding himself solicited from many Quarters in my Favour, and that by Persons whom he held in the highest Esteem, judged that his Endeavours to serve me would be conferring Obligations on several whom he most desired to oblige. He spoke in my Favour to the Chevalier *Langeron*, my Captain, who, influenced by his Recommendation, for they

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were vastly intimate, gave me several Marks of favourable Distinction. But my Benefactor did not rest here; he took every Opportunity of serving me: He even prevailed so far, as to obtain a Permission for my going one Day, which happened to be on *Christmas*, to pay him a Visit at Eight the succeeding Morning. He chose that Hour, because his Wife, who was a bigotted Papist, should not be present at our Interview; being to remain at Mass till Noon. My Captain went that Evening to the Galley, as in Winter the Commanders never lodge on board, and instructed the Keeper to conduct me, without my Chain, to Mr *P*'s [*Piecourt*] the Banker; and to wait either at the Door, or in the Hall, till I should have finished my Business with that Gentleman. In consequence of this, when I went next Morning to pay my Respects, Mr *P*. [*Piecourt*] introduced me into an inner Chamber, and gave his Domestics Orders to deny him to all beside. He begun by assuring me of his Inclinations to serve me, adding, that he

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had found out a Way, which would infallibly set me free, if I myself would only be assisting at the Execution of his Project. I returned my sincerest Acknowledgments for the intended Favour, and promised to do every Thing in my Power, which might be consistent with my Integrity as a Man, or my Conscience as a Christian. Never trouble Conscience or Integrity, replied he, they shall have nothing to do in this Affair. The Sin will be but trifling, and you may have an Opportunity of washing all clean again when you arrive in *Holland.* Be attentive, continued he, I am like you a Protestant. I have Motives of Interest which prevent my publicly acknowledging my Sentiments. My Sentiments I believe are right, no Force can alter them; but then I see no Necessity for making them public: A Confession of this Nature, more frequently proceeds from Ostentation, than a Regard for Truth. The Manner in which I design to serve you is this, Mr *Pontchartrain,* Minister for Naval Affairs, is my particular Friend; let me even

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add, is bound to oblige me. You have only to sign a Promise, certifying that to whatever Country you go, you will live and die a true Roman Catholic: This, it shall be my Care to have delivered. No Ceremony is to be undergone; not a Creature but the Minister and I shall be privy to the Secret; and consequently you can have no Disgrace among your Brethren for apostatizing. Be prudent, take the Advice of a Man who knows the World: Serve yourself at this Juncture; and I engage in five Days to procure your Liberty, and to have you conducted safe to *Holland*. Why so pensive? What say you to such an Offer? I am sorry, Sir, replied I, that my refusing to comply, will seem to lessen the Obligations I owe you; but I view your Intentions to serve me, in the same Light as if they had been actually put into Execution. Permit me then, Sir, thus obliged as I am, to endeavour to repay a Part of my Gratitude by the Concern I now take in your real Welfare; I mean the Happiness of your

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Soul. Oh Sir! deceive not yourself, by imagining Heaven can be deceived; nor think that *Christ*, whom you deny before Man, will have Mercy on you before his Father, which is in Heaven. Pardon my Youth, Sir, for this Liberty; and impute my Zeal to my Friendship. What are the Sentiments of our Hearts, unless confirmed by our Lips? They cease to be our's when we no longer dare to avow them. Heaven gives Light to see the Truth, and we turn what was designed for our Happiness, into our own Confusion. For my own Part, Sir, I have not submitted to Chains, Imprisonment and Slavery, for to have the Praise of Men, but the Approbation of God; and unless you can put me into a Method of keeping the Promise you would have me make, a Secret to him; you must forgive me if I refuse to comply. He endeavoured to answer, by alleging some Texts, to soften the Force of the Gospel on this Head, which I endeavoured to refute with the little Eloquence and Learning I was Master of:

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Or rather let me say, my Zeal and my Conscience supplied the Place of both. I concluded with saying, that I could not believe my Friends, who had recommended me to him, solicited my Deliverance at the Expense of my Conscience. No, answered he, so far from it, that I would not for the World, they should know the subject of our present Conversation. Thus saying, and with the Tears in his Eyes, he tenderly embraced me, praying that Heaven might continue its Grace to make me persevere in these Sentiments to the End. Sentiments, as he said, worthy a Professor of Truth and Christianity. The Recommendations, continued he, I have had in your Favour, no longer influence me; I regard you now for your intrinsic Merit; and rest assured, that I shall watch every Opportunity of doing you Service. He bid me draw upon him for whatever Sums I should have Occasion, and he would esteem it his Happiness to be able to supply me. After mutual Compliments I withdrew, and returned to my Galley; Mr *P.*

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still continuing, when Business permitted, to send for me; and still loading me with fresh Assurances of his Friendship and Esteem.

As soon as the Report was spread of our Galley's being returned with an *English* Prize, with the concomitant Circumstances of our losing a great Number of Hands by the Capture; my Friend, the Banker, ran to the Port to know what was become of me. Being informed that I had been desperately wounded, and carried to the Hospital; he immediately hastes to the Surgeon-Major, who was his Friend, and recommended me to him in the strongest Terms. And to this Recommendation it is, that next to Heaven I owe my Life; for the Surgeon (contrary to his usual Custom, which is only to prescribe) undertook to dress my Wounds himself. On his first visit he drew out his Tablets, and asked for a Man called *J. M.* [*Jean Marteilhe*]. Accordingly, being directed he approached my Bed, and asked if I knew Mr *P.*

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[*Piecourt*] to which I replied in the Affirmative, adding, that it was to his Friendship I was indebted for all the Comforts I had enjoyed in my State of strict Servitude, for seven Years. The Manner in which he has recommended you, says the Surgeon, to me, binds me to do you all the Service in my Power. Let me examine your Wounds. The most dangerous was that in my Shoulder. When he took off the Compress, which was the only dressing I yet had, he observed, that the Negligence or Ignorance of the former Surgeon, had permitted a Mortification to spread; and calling him, chid him in a very harsh Manner for his Neglect. The Surgeon excused himself in the best Manner he could, and begged to be permitted to repair his Fault by undertaking my Cure. The Surgeon-Major refused, at the same Time bidding all that were present to take Notice that I was his own Patient; and that none else should presume to take me in hand. In effect, he discharged his Duty with the

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utmost Punctuality, using every Precaution Care or Skill could suggest, in such a Manner, that the Mortifications which were begun in all my Wounds were stopped, and my Life saved.

THREE Parts out of four of those who were wounded did not survive, a great Number of whom were by no Means so dangerously wounded as I. The Multitudes who died, as well of the Free as the Slaves, gave Occasion to some to spread a Report that the *English* Bullets had been poisoned. Yet I believe that all the sensible Part of Mankind will join with me in attributing this malevolent Report to the Hatred the *French* Nation bears the *English*. I have heard the Surgeon-Major, who was one of the most famous in his Profession, endeavour to undeceive his more ignorant Brethren, by attributing this great Mortality to the Want of proper Care when the Wounds were received. Perhaps it was in some Measure owing also to the indiscriminate Attendance which was given; for where

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forty Surgeons prescribed for the same Patient, which was the Case in this Hospital; it was impossible but there must be some Opposition in their Prescriptions. In about two Months my Wounds were healed; but I remained a Month longer in the Hospital to complete my Cure, and recover my Strength. Here, by the Care of the *Franciscan* Friars, who attended the Sick, to whom also I was recommended, I recovered daily; and, at the end of three Months, was dismissed the Hospital, sleek and healthy, but maimed in one Arm, and consequently rendered unfit for Galley-Service, of which the Surgeon gave me a Certificate. I was, notwithstanding, assigned my former Seat aboard; but, as it was Winter, my Labour was but trifling.

The ensuing Campaign, in 1709, the Gallies were fitted out in *April*. The Comite classed the Slaves each to his proper Seat. The Reader has been told that there are six Slaves to every Oar; the most vigorous of which is always placed at

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the End of the Oar, as being the most laborious Station. The strongest then compose the first Class, and have the greatest Fatigue; those of the second Class sit next them, and share the next Degree of Labour; and so of the rest, till it comes to the sixth. Those last have scarce any Fatigue, and consequently are always composed of the most feeble. Before I was wounded, I was in the first Class; and the Comite, whether through Design or Neglect, had me on his List still in the same; a Station I was by no means able to fill, as I could scarce raise my Arm to my Head. I placed myself accordingly in the last Class, not without certain expectations of passing my Examination. This Examination is indeed terrible: The Comite stands over the Slave who pleads Imbecility; examines his Strength, tortures him with Lashings to exert all his Powers at the Oar; so that it is almost impossible to counterfeit; and none will hold out the trial, but such as are actually disabled.

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Upon our leaving the Harbour, which was the first Time that Season, the Comite visited every Bench, to see if the Rowers were properly classed. He held in his Hand a Rope's End, which with great Serenity he exercised upon almost all, without Distinction. I was placed at the Stern, and he begun his Visitation at the Prow. Here I expected him, in the utmost Agony, and fortified myself against what I was almost sure to suffer. He at last arrived at our Bench, where he threw his gloomy Eyes; and, stopping short, ordered with a fierce Air the first Rower to cease. Dog! says he, addressing me, Dog of a Huguenot! come hither. I approached him, dragging my Chain, anxious, yet resolved, firmly persuaded that I was called only to undergo the customary Discipline. I approached him in the humblest Posture of a Suppliant; my Cap off, and bending to receive his Commands. Who has ordered you, said he, to row? I answered, trembling with Fear, that being

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maimed, as he might see by my Scars, I was unable to sit foremost; and entreated him to have Pity, as I was resolved to do all in my Power to assist my Companions. Answer me to what I ask, interrupted he; Who has ordered you to row? My Duty, returned I. Your Duty? says he; I require none of my Crew, when maimed, to continue at the Oar. If the Law disallows the wounded Huguenot to have his Freedom, however I will not suffer him to row under me. Never did an Angel's Voice sound more harmoniously in the Visionary's Ear, than this Discourse, rough as it was, did in mine. He ordered the Keeper to unchain that Dog of a *Giffe* (a cant Word for one incapable of Labour) and consign him to the Room where the Provisions are kept. The Keeper accordingly unchained me from a Bench where I had for seven Years felt every Distress, and conducted me down to the Provision Chamber.

THE Person who served in this Chamber was also a Slave; and, though a Papist, one

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with whom, some Time before, I had contracted an intimate Friendship. He was about twenty-three Years old, beautiful in Person, and a Gentleman by Birth. He had been condemned for what might appear rather a juvenile Folly, than an odious Crime. As soon as this unhappy Youth, whose Name was *Goujon*, saw me entering the Room, he flew round my Neck, and in Raptures cried out, My Boy, and shall we add to the Title of Friends, the Appellation of Companions also! We mutually felicitated each other upon the Pleasure that we should find in a Society so agreeable. And while the Galley proceeded without the Help of our Arms to increase its Speed, as we had Leisure sufficient to entertain each other, he gave me his History; which, though I remember but imperfectly, is too curious not to find a place in this Memoir. Permit me, however, to defer the Recital, till I say a Word or two more relative to myself.

This Day and the Night following the Gallies scoured the Channel, after which

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they returned to the Harbour of *Dunkirk*: When we had dropped Anchor, and stretched the Tent, which covers the Galley, the Comite, sitting in his Pavilion, Orders me to be called before him. When I appeared, you see, said he, what I have done to make you easy on Board. I am not displeased at this Opportunity of shewing how much I regard you, and all of your Religion. I do not see, not I, what Crimes you have committed. And if my Religion damns you hereafter, I think that bad enough, without contributing to damn you here also. I know not however, continued he, how I shall conduct myself in this Affair, for I am convinced I shall have the Almoner on my Back, for favouring a Huguenot. Yet let me see, methinks I have found out a Way. Our Captain's Clerk is dead, and he is at a Loss for another. I will propose you to him in such a Manner that he cannot refuse. By this Means you will not only be exempted from Labour, but also respected of all; and I shall have nothing to fear from

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the Almoner. Get you gone to your Room, and I shall again, when proper, send for you. He went about discharging his Promise that Instant; he stuck at nothing, not even at Falsehood, to do me Service. There is, said he to the Captain, there is a Fellow I have got among the last Class, but I had been as well pleased to have a Bear at the Oar as he. I have firk'd him with a Rope's-End 'till I almost left him speechless; but all would not do; he has got an useless Hand, it seems, into which all my Blows cannot put Life. In short, I have been obliged to turn him into the Hold; for he rather hindered than helped his Comrades. The Captain demanded how I was maimed; and being informed, How comes it to pass then, said he, that this Slave was not set free among the rest of the wounded? (for it may be noted, that the Law ordains, that all Galley-Slaves, who are wounded in Battle, shall have their Freedom, of whatsoever Nature their Crimes may be, except that of being of the reformed Religion).

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Ay, there it is, replied the Comite, the Wretch is an *Huguenot*. But, added he, the Lad knows how to write, and behave himself; and, in my Opinion, would serve excellently well for your Clerk. Let him be called, said the Captain. As soon as I appeared, Do you know Mr *P.* [*Piecourt*] says he to me. To which I replied in the Affirmative. Here then, says he, I appoint you my Clerk. Let this Lad (speaking to the Comite) be subject to no Person's Command but mine, while he stays on board.

Behold me now placed in a more exalted Station, not less than the Captain's Clerk, forsooth. As I knew my Master loved Cleanliness, I purchased a short Coat of red Stuff (Galley Slaves must wear no other Colour) tolerably fine. I was permitted to let my Hair grow. I bought a Scarlet Cap, and in this Trim presented myself before the Captain, who was greatly pleased with my Appearance. He gave his Maitre d'Hotel Orders to carry me every Day a Plate of Meat from his own Table, and to furnish

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me with a Bottle of Wine; Luxuries to which I had long been a Stranger. I was never chained, and only wore a Ring about my Leg in Token of Slavery. I lay upon a good Bed; I had nothing fatiguing to do at Times when all the rest of the Crew were in the most violent Agitation. I was loved and respected by the Officers and the rest of the Crew, cherished by my Master, and his Nephew the Major of the Gallies. In short, I wanted nothing but Liberty to increase the Happiness I then enjoyed.

In this State, if not of Pleasure, at least of Tranquility, I continued from the Year 1709 to 1712; in which it pleased Heaven to afflict me with Trials more severe than even those I had already experienced. The Life of Indolence I had passed, contrasted with that of Pain which was to follow, served not a little to increase my Calamity. I shall pass over the Interval of almost three Years, during which Time we were laid up in Port, as the Marine of *France* had been so shattered that they were unable to make

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the least Equipment. I shall pass it over, I say, as in this Pause of Action nothing worthy of Notice happened till the Month of *October* 1712, in which commenced my Period of Tribulation, and that of all our suffering Society. But before I come to the Particulars of this, permit me to acquit myself of my Promise, with respect to the History of *Goujon.*

GOUJON was a Native of *Serche* in *Limousin,* and descended of a noble and opulent Family. Of three Brothers he was the youngest. One of these was Captain in the Regiment of *Picardie,* the other, *Guidon,* in the King's Musqueteers. The Inclinations of *Goujon* also led him to the Army. There was raising a new Regiment in his Province, in which the greatest Part of the Youth of that Country enrolled themselves. All the Officers were composed of the Nobility of *Limousin,* among which were several of *Goujon's* Relations, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, Mr *Labourlie,* was his Uncle. These were Motives more

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than sufficient to induce *Goujon* to take on in the Service. His Father was unwilling that he should appear in any other Light than that of a Cadet, in order to provide for him more genteelly in an old Regiment, when an Opportunity offered. *Goujon* was equipped magnificently, and had a Power given him of drawing upon his Father for what Sums of Money he might think proper in supporting his Appearance.

THE Regiment being completed, went into Garrison at *Gravelines*, a little Fortification situated four Leagues from *Dunkirk*. Our young Soldier had been educated in the genteelest Manner, had completed his Studies, learned all the polite Exercises, and supported his Character with a becoming Dignity. He was young and beautiful, always elegantly dressed, and not less perfectly formed in Mind than in Body. With such Accomplishments, it was no difficult Task to attract the Regards of the World; and, among the rest, he had several of the Fair Sex for his Admirers.

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His Affections, however, were fixed only on one Object, a young Lady every Way worthy of his warmest Attachments. She was beautiful, sensible, and rich; the only Daughter of an old pensioned Officer, who had in Retirement acquired an immense Fortune. Those young Lovers were not long without coming to an Explanation; the Lady consented to marry *Goujon*, and he made no Difficulty of gaining the Father's Consent, as he imagined himself, by Birth and Fortune, more than her Equal. With these flattering Hopes, he came to ask the Father Permission; but what was his Surprise, when he found himself not only bluntly refused, but also forbid the House. The old Gentleman did not stop here; he gave his Daughter very severe Injunctions to see her Lover no more, and proceeded even to Threats of punishing her Disobedience with a Convent. A Turn so unexpected extremely afflicted the young Couple, who, in Despair of being able to bend the old Gentleman to their Purpose,

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concerted Measures to fly to some Country where they might be married in Safety, and give an uncontrolled Indulgence to their mutual Affection. This being agreed on, *Goujon* undertook to prepare every thing necessary for the intended Flight. For this Purpose, he had got a Post-Chaise in Readiness, not far from the Town, and informed his Mistress of the Hour in which she was to escape from her Father, and come to a certain Part of the Rampart, of which he gave her a particular Description.

The Difficulty lay in escaping out of the Town; it could be effected only by Favour of the Night, and the Gates were always shut in the Evening.

But Love, who too often increases ou Invention at the Expense of our Reason, suggested an Expedient, which, though seemingly feasible, was notwithstanding fatal in the Consequences. There was, in the Ramparts, an old neglected Breach. *Goujon* had frequently, when locked out of the Town, come in this Way, though it was

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always guarded by a Sentinel, who had Orders, on Pain of Death, to let no body pass. But as there was no other Regiment in Town but that to which *Goujon* belonged, as he was also well known and loved by all the Soldiers, and never passed without giving the Sentinel something to drink, he came and went unmolested. This Breach then was the Place of Assignation, and his Mistress was punctual to the Appointment. As soon as he saw her approach, in all the Terrors natural to the Sex; he flew, took her in his Arms, and was conducting his lovely Burthen to the Breach, when the Sentinel, who had been but lately enlisted, one who had been also a Servant to *Goujon's* Father, hearing him approach, cried out, Who goes there? A Friend, replied *Goujon*. Stop there, said the Sentinel, or I'll shoot you through the Body. *Goujon* endeavoured to sooth him with all the winning Arts he was Master of, calling him by his Name, offering him Money, and entreating, in the most pressing Manner,

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his Permission to pass unmolested. The Sentinel replied, that all the Money in the World should not bribe him to do what he might be hanged for the next Morning, and desired the Lover and his Mistress to keep their Distance. Nevertheless *Goujon* still advanced; and the Sentinel perceiving his Obstinacy, presented his Piece, but luckily missed Fire. *Goujon*, animated with Love and Rage, instantly quitted his fainting Mistress, jumped upon the Soldier, and, by main Strength, threw him headlong down the Rampart into the dry Fosse beneath.

The Sentinel, as soon as he got to the Bottom, began to examine whether he received any Hurt by the Fall, when finding himself out of Danger, he began to bawl with all his Force, as if he had been undone.

Near this Breach was a Gate of the City, where was an Office for Customs, and here ten or twelve Citizens were diverting themselves. As soon as they heard the cries of the Sentinel, they all took Arms and ran towards the Place from whence the Noise

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proceeded. They soon approached the Breach, armed with Swords and Pistols, crying out, in the usual Phrase, *Aid to the King*. *Goujon* perceiving the Storm coming on, and knowing that if he fled, he must leave his Mistress to indelible Infamy, was resolved to act a more generous Part. Fly, my dear Miss, says the honest Creature, do what you can to get back; and in the meantime I shall endeavour to keep these Gentlemen in play till you have secured a Retreat. She obeyed, and got off unperceived, but it was not so with her unfortunate Lover; he was surrounded, and attacked by the whole Company. Disdaining however to fly, he fought with the utmost Intrepidity. Four of the Company fell dead at his Feet; several others were wounded; nor was he himself without his Wounds. Near where he fought was a Public House, in which was the Serjeant of *Goujon's* Company drinking. He, hearing the clashing of Swords, and the Groans of the Dying, ran out to ask what was the

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matter. *Goujon* immediately knew his Voice, and answered, *La Motte*, my dear Friend! they are going to murder me. *La Motte* instantly drew his Sword, and flew upon one of the Citizens, who had at the same Instant a cock'd Pistol in his Hand. The Serjeant plunged his Sword in the Breast of the Citizen, at the same Time receiving the Contents of the Pistol in his Brains; and thus both fell dead together. Whilst the Slaughter was thus continued, the Corps de Guards, which was nearest the Place hearing the Words, *Aid to the King*, gave the Alarm to the whole Garrison, who were soon under Arms, and at the Place of Combat. *Goujon* was fallen to the Ground, through Weakness, occasioned by Loss of Blood; for he had received four Wounds, two through the Body, a third from a Sabre on the Head, and another in his Right Hand, by which he was obliged to drop his Sword. The Major who had ran with the Body of Guards to the Place, ordered that all, as well the Dead as the Wounded,

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should be conducted to the Hospital; and placed a Guard upon those who came off unhurt. All the Officers of the Regiment, particularly the Lieutenant-Colonel, who happened at that Time to be first in Command, laid the blame upon the Citizens, accusing them of Rebellion, Murder, and Assassination. That particular Circumstance of *Goujon's* throwing the Sentinel into the Fosse was softened, or totally suppressed, tho' this had been the *Primum Mobile* of all the Disturbance. Twelve Citizens against two Soldiers formed a Circumstance not at all in favour of the former, and they were accordingly proceeded against with the utmost Rigour. The Appearance of Things, and not Justice, was what determined the Court-Martial to sacrifice the seven Citizens who survived to the Manes of the Serjeant who was killed. They therefore took the Affair under their Cognizance, and passed Sentence very precipitately. *Goujon* was acquitted, and praised for having defended himself

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against twelve, and having killed four Assassins, by which he did his Majesty signal Service. The seven Citizens who remained were condemned; three to be hanged, and four for Life to the Galleys; the respective Punishments to be decided by Lot. All the Inhabitants of the Town protested against this Sentence. The Magistracy took the Affair under Consideration, and in a Body presented themselves before the Governor, complaining of the Precipitancy of the Court-Martial, and the Injustice done themselves, in being excluded from judging in a Cause which fell properly under their Jurisdiction. They entreated the Governor to defer the Execution of the Sentence, that they might have Time to be acquainted with the Motives which induced the Council of War to so precipitate a Determination; and to inform his Majesty of the Particulars, if the Citizens were really culpable, that so they might at least be condemned by the Laws of their Country. The Governor could not refuse a

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Request so reasonable, and granted a Respite of thirty Days, ordering *Goujon* to Prison, there to await the final Decision.

THE Magistrates conducted this Affair with the utmost Caution and Exactness; brought Proofs to every Allegation, and investigated the Truth so closely, that every Circumstance came to Light as it actually happened. The Citizens were proved to have used all the Remonstrances in their Power, before they had proceeded to Hostilities. It appeared, that, instead of being Enemies to, they had fought in Defence of the King; and that *Goujon*, so far from intending his Majesty Service, cried out, when desired to surrender in the King's Name, *The King and all his Family may go to the Devil.* This last Circumstance was a severe Stroke against the Criminal; for the King, who was informed of all, would never pardon such Disrespect.

THE Court having examined the Minutes of the Trial, accurately drawn up by the Magistracy of *Gravelines*, disannulled the

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Sentence of the Court-Martial, and removed the Cause before the Magistracy, enjoining them to proceed against the Delinquent with the utmost Rigour of the Law. In consequence of these Orders, the Magistrates pronounced the Definitive Sentence, which enlarged the Citizens, and condemned *Goujon* to be hanged; granting him, however, in Respect to his Birth and Quality, a Choice of being hanged, or shot at the Foot of the Gallows.

One may judge of the Consternation of the whole Regiment, at this Reverse of Fortune. The Lieutenant-Colonel, Uncle to the unhappy Convict, was in Despair. He flew to the Governor, imploring on his Knees a Respite of twelve Days. The Governor granted his Request, which he no sooner obtained than he took Post, and went to solicit *Goujon's* Pardon at Court. He threw himself at his Majesty's Feet; and, with lifted Hands, and Tears streaming down his aged Visage, begged the Royal Mercy for his Nephew. The King, piqued

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at the disrespectful Manner in which the Convict had spoken of him and his Family, remained inflexible. Nothing, however, could abate the Lieutenant-Colonel's Ardour; he left nothing untried to serve the unhappy Youth, whom he considered as the Joy of his declining Age; he even found Means to solicit Madame *Maintenon*, whose Influence over the King was known to all. She embarked in the Cause; and, in spite of this Monarch's Repugnance to pardon *Goujon*, she obtained a Reprieve from Death for the Criminal; but upon Condition that he should be for Life a Galley-Slave, and that the King should never more be addressed in his Favour.

THE Lieutenant-Colonel returned with the utmost Haste to *Gravelines*, carrying with him this Commutation of *Goujon's* Punishment. He presented himself before the Governor, whom he informed of the King's Pleasure; adding, that it was his Majesty's Intentions that *Goujon* should be sent to the Gallies, without any Connivance or

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Pretence whatsoever; and that his and the Governor's Lives should answer for a Disobedience to these Orders.

It was now consulted what was the properest and safest Method of behaving in this Conjuncture; and it was agreed, that, to prevent the Garrison from forming any Design of rescuing the Prisoner, it would be expedient to persuade *Goujon* that he had a full Pardon, only that it was his Majesty's Advice, that he should enlist as a Soldier in the Company of the Chevalier *Langeron*, Commodore of the Gallies at *Dunkirk*. Things being thus pre-disposed, the Lieutenant-Colonel went to the Prison, where he found his Nephew in the Hands of two *Capuchins*, who were preparing him for Death, which he was to suffer the Day following.

As soon as the Lieutenant perceived him, Courage! my Boy, cried he; you shall not die, I have obtained your Pardon. The King, however, advises that you should serve in Quality of a Soldier in the Company of

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Chevalier *Langeron*, Commodore of the *Dunkirk* Galleys. This Punishment is nothing; for it lasts no longer than till we can procure you a Commission. To-morrow two Archers, only for Form-sake, will come to conduct you to *Dunkirk*, where you must be presented to the Chevalier *Langeron*; but your being a Soldier will not in the least abridge your Liberty. *Goujon* was too much transported with Joy to suspect any Plot, and came readily into the Snare.

The Day following, two Archers, who were previously instructed, came to the Prison; and, with the utmost Civility, bid *Goujon* mount one of the Horses which were prepared for his Journey to *Dunkirk*. *Goujon* no longer doubted of his Liberty; he acquiesced with the utmost Cheerfulness; and all his Acquaintance, equally ignorant of the Deceit, came in Crowds to felicitate his Success, and to wish him a pleasant Journey. He at length set out, the Archers riding before him like Attendants. But this was not long the Order of the Cavalcade.

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At some Distance from Town, one of these Fellows made some Excuse for loitering behind, while the other still kept before. In this Position they proceeded till they came to a narrow Pass, or hollow Way, cut through a Mountain. Here the Archer who rode foremost, turning his Horse short, with a cocked Pistol in his Hand, ordered the Prisoner, at his Peril, not to make the least Resistance. While this Fellow kept *Goujon* in Awe, the other behind, who had been prepared, tied his Legs under the Horse's Belly, and hand-cuffed him. I need not describe the young Man's Affliction at so unexpected a Revolution. Imagining that they now were conducting him to be hanged, he entreated them to inform him of his Fate, and where they were bringing him; but he could obtain nothing more than a brutal Reply, that he should know when he came upon the Spot.

In this Manner they arrived at *Dunkirk*, and conducting him aboard our Galley, delivered him to the Keeper. He was quickly

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stripped of his laced Cloaths, and dressed in the Slave's red Habit. After this they cut off his Hair, the most beautiful my Eyes ever beheld, and he was chained to a Seat in the Galley. The Recommendations, however, which came from all Quarters to our Captain in his Favour, in some Measure relaxed the Severity of his Punishment. He was ordered to the Provision Chamber to distribute Provisions to the Crew, and was exempted from every other Fatigue. He wore no Chain, but a Ring about his Leg, as a Mark of Servitude. I found many agreeable Hours in his Conversation, which was elegant, and mixed with the utmost good Nature. We remained Companions together from 1709 till *July* 1712. The Manner in which we were separated I proceed to relate.

I HAVE already informed the Reader that *Goujon* had powerful Friends at Court, who, without Relaxation, solicited his Pardon. His Father, a venerable old Man, accompanied by his two Sons, were resolute

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enough to disobey the King's Order, and persisted in imploring the royal Clemency. This distressed Gentleman, throwing himself before his Majesty with a Countenance expressing all the Feelings of paternal Tenderness, offered, old as he was, to lead his three Sons to the Field of Battle, and there shed his Blood in the Service of his Country; but besought his Majesty not to spill it ignominiously under the Lash of a Task-master. The King was still inflexible; a plain Instance that the Great seldom forgive Injuries committed against themselves. There were still other Measures taken to deliver the Captive. Marshal *Noailles* had just returned victorious, after having made himself Master of *Gironne.* To him our young Slave was recommended, and he took the Opportunity when his Majesty was complimenting him upon his Success to use some Expressions in Favour of *Goujon.* The King reply'd, that though the Refusal gave him Pain, yet his Resolutions were unalterable; and this was the

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only Request he could deny the Marshal. Thus were all other Hopes precluded the unhappy Convict, except that either the King's Death or his own would at last terminate his Miseries. In his State of Servitude he had nevertheless some of the Pleasures of Life; his Father supplied him with every Thing necessary, and his Friends and fellow Soldiers of the Regiment came frequently to visit him. As the Galley is always open to Visitants of every Kind, it is the Interest of the Comite to refuse none Admission; for as he sells Wine by retail, it is mostly drank by those who come to console with their captive Friends.

Some Time in *May* 1712, a Serjeant of Grenadiers of the Regiment to which *Goujon* had belonged, and which at that Time was garrisoned in *Nieuport*, came to pay his old Master a Visit. *Goujon*, after the usual Salutations, began to utter many Complaints against the hardness of his Fortune, and the little Hopes he had of Freedom. The

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honest Serjeant was touched with Compassion, and addressed him as follows: Sir, you may depend upon me as one ready to lay down his Life to serve you; but I am not the only Friend you have left in our Regiment; there are four Grenadiers more, Men who have already faced every Danger, and are now ready to give any Proof of their Resolution and Friendship you require. If those poor Fellows and I can either serve you by open Force or Strategem, you have but to point the Way, and be convinced we will either succeed or die in the Attempt. We are told at Regiment that you often have Occasion to go into the City. If you think that five Men are sufficient to carry you off openly, be assured no Danger shall deter us. Think upon what I have the Honour of telling you, and rely upon our Discretion and Courage. It is not to the Purpose to tell you who has put us upon this Scheme; perhaps you may guess without being informed. In short, continued he, I shall come occasionally to consult with you upon the most proper Means of putting those

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Resolutions into Execution, and conducting all with Secrecy and Safety. I was present at this Conversation; for we were so intimate that we concealed nothing from each other. *Goujon* thanked the Serjeant for his generous Offer, embraced the Proposal with Rapture; but added, that so dangerous an Expedient should be well weighed before executed; that he would bend all his Attention to ensure Success; and that he would at a proper Time communicate the Result of his Deliberations. The Serjeant upon this withdrew, and from that Hour all *Goujon's* thoughts were engrossed by his Designs of escaping. It was in fact no easy Task to accomplish. True it was, that he had frequent Occasions of going into the City, as his Employment of distributing the Galley's Provisions required. But then he was never permitted to go alone; whenever Business called him from the Vessel, he was chained to a *Turk* in the Keeper's Interest, and guarded by a Sentinel who was called by the Slaves *William*, a Man strict and cautious to the last degree.

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It may be observed that there is a general Prohibition, forbidding all Masters of public Houses to entertain any Galley Slave, whatsoever his Business may be, under Penalty of a thousand Crowns to be paid by the Publican, and three Years Servitude in the Galleys to the Sentinel. The Liberty, therefore, of going into the City was not sufficient to procure *Goujon* his Liberty, as it was impossible to rescue him by Force in open Day, and in Presence of the Soldiers and Officers of all the Galleys. Add to this, the Garrison of the City was very numerous, and had Guards posted in all Quarters. These Obstacles appeared insurmountable; and no other Means could be devised, but to endeavour by Presents to soften the Sentinel, and obtain Permission to go into a public House. *Goujon* fixed upon this last Expedient, being persuaded that if he could once prevail on his Guard to enter a public House, he would easily accomplish his Design. Having formed his Project, he writes to his Father for a large

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Sum of Money, adding, that he wanted it for an Affair of Consequence. The Money was immediately remitted, and he upon the Receipt began to lay Trains for springing the Mine.

One very warm Day in the Month of *July*, *Goujon* went into the City with *William*, his ordinary Guard. After having despatched several Affairs relative to his Employment; as they passed by a little Alehouse in an unfrequented Street, *Goujon* perceiving his Guard look as if he wished to drink, begged him to stop and order a Pot of Beer out into the Street, as they both seemed to need Refreshment. *William* very gladly accepted the Offer, and the Beer was brought. The Landlady observed them desirous of a Seat, and accordingly invited them into the Porch of her House, where they might sit and drink at leisure. As they were as much exposed in the Porch as in the open Street, the Guard did not hesitate to comply with her Proposal. Here *William* and the *Turk* were regaled beyond

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their Hopes; and *Goujon* at departing, instead of discharging half a Crown, to which the Reckoning amounted, complimented the Kind Landlady with a Crown for her Civility. This poor Woman was so charmed with a Liberality to which she had never been accustomed, invited him to come into her House whenever his Occasions should call him that Way. The designing Captive thanked, but at the same Time assured her that nothing should prevail on him to comply with her most generous Invitation; an Invitation which not only exposed her to the Resentment of the Law, but his Guard also, for whom he had the utmost Affection. Upon this they marched homeward, but not before *William* was complimented with another Crown, as a grateful Acknowledgment of his late Indulgence. The Soldier was so ravished at the Sight of all this Money in his own Possession, that he knew not how to express his Pleasure; in fact, those poor Creatures have very little Pay, and that paid only once in three Years; so that,

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to such, a Crown must have been a Treasure. In short, he promised *Goujon* to indulge him in Time to come with greater Liberties than he had hitherto experienced; and that he should find him more like a Servant than a Guard for the future.

THIS *Coup d'Essai* almost confirmed *Goujon's* Hopes into Certainty; he made me the Partner of all his pleasing Expectations; and I heartily sympathised in his Success. He soon found another Opportunity of returning to the City. He was apprized how necessary it was to keep up the good Will of those he had to deal with, and not suffer their Affections to cool by an ill-timed Negligence. After Business had been despatched, they went to Breakfast with the kind Landlady. They were placed in the Porch, while the Maid stood Sentinel to bring Information if any suspicious Persons appeared. After Breakfast, the Landlady, either prompted by Interest, or a Desire to oblige, gave them to understand, that as they seemed under continual Appre-

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hensions of being discovered in the Porch, she had a little private Room where they might enjoy themselves with the greatest Tranquility, only using Caution, either in coming in or going out, to observe that the Coast was clear. *Goujon*, desirous of concealing his Satisfaction, was silent; but *William* (big with the Hopes of being frequently and safely treated at another's Expense, and paid for his good Company besides) replied, that truly she had spoke like a very prudent, sensible, generous Woman, and begged to be introduced without Delay. The Chamber was found the most convenient in the World. And *Goujon*, willing to catch the Opportunity, assured the Landlady that her Kindness should not go unrewarded: It has just struck my Fancy, continued he; What if you would let this Chamber to my Friend here and me: Not but I could be very content with sitting in the Porch; but my Friend loves to do all Things so genteely. No, poor Woman, it is not

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proper you should lose any Thing by me; I'll take this Room by the Month; so that whenever I come, it may be at my Disposal. For certain, added *William*; Mr *Goujon* has a Genius: There's not a Man in the World could have contrived it better. I could not have done more genteely myself. The Landlady left the Price to *Goujon's* own Generosity, who determined it at twenty Livres, advancing Payment for the first Month. He at the same Time gave *William* the same Sum, adding, that as he ran the same Risk, it was but fitting he should share a like Reward. The *Turk* also partook of his Bounty, to prevent his blabbing to the Keeper. Things thus adjusted, they returned to the Galley, each perfectly pleased with the Occurrences of the Day.

All *William's* Thoughts were now engrossed by good Cheer. He agreed to come next Day to hansel the new Room, and was accordingly in the Morning sent before to bespeak an elegant Dinner, which, when the

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Hour of Rendezvous arrived, he was not backward in helping to consume. Thus were Things conducted till towards the Expiration of the Month of *July*, the Time fixed for the Consummation of the Enterprise.

THE Serjeant, whose Name was *la Rose*, never failed repeating his Visits occasionally to *Goujon*, who always apprised him of every Transaction. In Spite of all these favourable Appearances, said the Serjeant to him one Day, a certain Circumstance still disturbs me; I can't see any Means for me and my Comrades to get into the Room where you shall be, without some Confusion. The Landlady will never permit us to go there, lest she should be informed against; and your Guard will take all Precautions to prevent our joining Company. Don't be in the least Pain about that, reply'd *Goujon*; I foresaw the Difficulty, and am prepared against it. At a convenient Opportunity you shall see the Plan I have formed for my Escape. Leave to me the Conduct of the whole Affair. I only demand Resolution and

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Courage in my Friends who are to put it in Execution. After fresh Assurances from the Serjeant, they both retired to their respective Employments. In the mean Time *William* and *Goujon* went frequently to regale at their Mother's, (for so they called the Landlady) and became at last so familiar in the Family, that they came and went without any Notice. The Project being at length ripe for Execution, the last Orders were given the Serjeant. The Instructions given him were drawn up in writing, to prevent his forgetting or mistaking any of the Circumstances, which might endanger a Failure of the whole. Now, my Friend, said *Goujon* to the Serjeant, as he was taking Leave; now is the Time to put your Courage, Constancy, and Friendship to the Trial. Save my Life now, and ever after command its best Services. The abovementioned Plan *Goujon* communicated to me; but the Reader will have a better Idea of it by a Recital of the Manner in which it was put into Execution.

The Day fixed for the Enterprise being

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arrived, the Serjeant and four Grenadiers did not fail of being at *Dunkirk*, as soon as the Gates were opened in the Morning. Each had got the Part he was to act by Heart, to prevent any suspicious Contradictions. *Goujon* being prepared for going into the City, took a final Farewell; embracing me with Tears in his Eyes. My dear Friend, said he, pray to God for me; Heaven knows I want the Prayers of some good Man like you; this will be either the Day, from which I shall date my Happiness, or it will certainly terminate a wretched Existence. For if some Reverse of Fortune, which has hitherto been my Foe, should still attend me, while I can grasp a Sword, be assured I shall never be retaken. If I die it will only be meeting Death in defence of my Liberty; but should I survive that Liberty, what can I expect but an ignominious Death from the Hand of the Executioner? His Resolution terrified me; I entreated him by all the Tenderness of Friendship to abandon his Enterprise, and wait with Patience some more safe and per-

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haps more happy Revolution in his Favour. No, said he, turning his Back upon me; Death or Liberty is the Word, both will be almost equally welcome. At length my Heart foreboded some good Fortune to the Enterprise, and I would no longer attempt to damp his Resolutions. He once more embraced me, and shedding Tears in great Abundance, went upon Deck, where being chained to the *Turk*, and guarded by *William*, he set out for the City.

THE Serjeant's previous Instructions were that *Goujon* would pass at Nine o'Clock, by the Town House; and if nothing unexpected arrived to hinder the Plot from proceeding, he would pull out his Handkerchief. Upon which Signal, the Serjeant should punctually follow his written Instructions. He accordingly passed by the Town House, pretended not to observe the Serjeant, gave the Signal, and with his ordinary Escort, went to breakfast at the appointed Alehouse. At Ten, while they were yet at Breakfast, two of the Grenadiers

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passing by with their Knapsacks on their Backs, and looking wistfully at the House; said one to the other, Comrade, let us halt, and take a little drop of Dram in this here Alehouse. They accordingly entered the Porch, and while the Landlady was pouring out a Glass of Brandy, seeming to take no notice of her; says one of them, I wonder where he can be? The D—— take him for a scurvy Dog of a Serjeant, replied the other, and *Goujon* and all of them, we shall not be able to reach Garrison to Night. The Woman, who had heard *Goujon's* Name mentioned, curious to know whether they were speaking of her Guest; asked if they knew Mr *Goujon*? Know him! replied one; aye that we do. He was a Cadet in our Regiment, and had the Misfortune a few Years ago, to be condemned to the Gallies, for an Affair of Honour. But, poor fellow, he has at last got his Pardon; our Lieutenant-Colonel pleaded so strongly for him at Court, that he has obtained him a Lieutenant's Com-

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mission. It is this that brings us to *Dunkirk*; our Serjeant, hang him, was ordered to bring his Pardon aboard the Galley, but not finding him there, nor at the Office of Commissary for Provisions, he has sent us a Wild-Goose chase to seek him, while he is upon the same Errand himself. And is indeed Mr *Goujon* going to be pardoned? interrupted the Landlady. Lord, good Woman, do not delay us by trifling Questions, said one of them; he had been pardoned an Hour ago, had we found him at the Gallies. Away the good Woman ran to inform *Goujon*, without omitting the minutest Circumstance *William* was deceived by Appearances as well as the Landlady. *Goujon*, counterfeiting the highest Raptures, asked if the Grenadiers were gone? No, replied the transported Landlady, they are both still in the Porch. *William* who affected superior Skill, was the first who desired they might be immediately called in. They were accordingly introduced by the Hostess;

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and no sooner were they entered the Chamber, than throwing their Arms about *Goujon's* Neck, they wished him Joy of his happy Deliverance, reciting very minutely all the Circumstances of his Pardon, not forgetting the Trouble the Serjeant was then at in seeking him. Several Glasses were drank to his Honour's Health, and every Creature present partook in his fictitious Satisfaction. The other two Grenadiers were now come into Action, they arrived before the Alehouse in their turn; and, as if conducted thither by Chance; perhaps says one, our Comrades may be here, let us step in and see. No, says the other looking in, they are not there, marry hang them and our Serjeant both, let us give ourselves no farther Trouble about them. The Hostess, who perceived by their uniform, that these Grenadiers belonged to the same Regiment with the former, asked who they enquired after? Our two Comrades, replied they. They are in my House, Gentlemen, says she; follow me, and I'll con-

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duct you to them immediately. Upon their entering *Goujon's* Chamber, Compliments and Congratulations were renew'd a-fresh. And now the Serjeant only was wanting to complete the Intrigue. One of the Grenadiers was despatched in quest of him; and as this Fellow knew perfectly well where to find him, he soon returned, introducing the Serjeant into *Goujon's* Apartment. Thus far all Things succeeded to their most sanguine Expectations; but now all were to be removed, who might give the least Obstruction. The Landlady, who was a Widow, had but one Maid Servant, and as this Wench might either by crying or escaping into the Street, alarm the Neighbourhood, and thus introduce many fatal Consequences into an Affair that might otherwise be innocently transacted, *Goujon* was resolved to put her out of the Way. Well Gentlemen, said he to the Grenadiers, as you are come too late for Breakfast, permit me to send for a few Oysters, which will be here in an Instant. They at first pretended to decline the Offer,

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alleging that they should be too late back to *Nieuport*. But they seemed at last over-persuaded by his kind Entreaties. The Maid was called, and ordered to go for Oysters to a Fish-monger at 'tother End of the Town. After she had been gone a little while, the Hostess was ordered to bring in more Wine. When it was brought, Good Mother, says *Goujon* to the Hostess, you must drink to my safe Deliverance. She very willingly accepted the Proposal, and when she had carried the Glass to her Mouth, *Goujon* gave the Signal. In an Instant the Serjeant leaped upon her, holding his Bayonet to her Throat, and threatening her with immediate Death, if she made the least Resistance. *William* and the *Turk* were kept in awe by two Grenadiers, in the same Manner. The Landlady, who was fallen into a Swoon, was laid on the Bed; *William* fell flat upon the Ground, begging his Life, and promising not to move; and the *Turk* retired for Safety under the Table. Each of the Grenadiers had their particular Employments assigned them; the two remain-

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ing pulled from their Knapsacks a complete Suit of Cloaths, and every Thing else necessary to equip *Goujon* like a Gentleman. They were also provided with proper Instruments to unrivet his Chains, and he was almost instantly dressed like an Officer, with a Sword by his Side, and with all the other Insignia of military Finery. The Serjeant, two Grenadiers, and he, left the House first, and made the best of their Way to the Gate that led to *Nieuport*. The two remaining Soldiers staid some Time after to watch their Patients, but pretended at last to go into the Porch and take another Glass of Brandy, swearing at the same Time, that if any one of the three should move in the least, they would return, and without further Ceremony cut their Throats. In this Manner they quitted the House, and quickly joined their Comrades on the Road to *Nieuport*. Our three Patients had no Inclinations to give them the least Interruption, imagining them to be still in the House. They kept each their proper Attitudes till the Servant came back with the

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Oysters. She was surprised to find them lying close, and at last ventured to ask the Reason. In short, their Fears were scarce dissipated, though she most positively averred, that there was no Creature in the House but themselves. *William* was the first who took Courage, and getting up fled away as fast as he could to take Sanctuary in a Church in *Flanders*. As the Churches in all Parts of the *Spanish* Dominions are Asylums to Vagabonds and Delinquents, whatever their Crimes may be, he made the best of his Way to the Capuchin Convent in *Nieuport*, where he found *Goujon*, the Serjeant and four Grenadiers, who had taken refuge there before him.

All this Time I suffered the utmost Inquietude, lest my Friend should miscarry. I had much to fear; knowing, that in Enterprises of this Nature, the slightest Circumstance often disconcerts the whole. In this State of anxious Perplexity; I placed myself at the Stern of the Galley, with my Eyes fixed upon the Place from whence I expected

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News of *Goujon*. It was not long before I perceived the *Turk* approach, carrying *Goujon's* Chain on his Shoulder. I quickly conjectured that my Friend was in Safety, and found no small Pleasure in his Success. The Keeper, who was upon the Quay, observing the *Turk* with a Chain across his Shoulder, asked him eagerly what was become of his Companion? A thousand Miles off perhaps by this Time, replied *Achmet*, five hundred Grenadiers with Bombs, Cannon, and a whole Magazine of Arms have carried him away. The poor *Turk* was become an Idiot, Fear had turned his Brain, and in this State he remained ever after. The Keeper finding it impossible to draw a reasonable Answer from this poor Creature, nevertheless was convinced that *Goujon* had made his escape: And as he knew the Rigour of a Court Martial, he fled to the same Church that the rest had gone to, and took Sanctuary among the Capuchins of *Nieuport*. The Colonel of the Regiment of *Aubesson* wrote to Court in favour of the Serjeant and four Grenadiers, and even ven-

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tured to mention *Goujon*. The Commodore of the Gallies wrote also in favour of the Keeper and the Sentinel. In such Circumstances a Pardon is seldom refused, and they were all forgiven, except *Goujon* alone, whom his Majesty had resolved to pursue with unceasing Resentment. This ill-fated young Man was therefore obliged to leave *Nieuport* by Night, disguised like a Peasant, and some Days after I received a Letter from him, dated from *Bruges*, where he was expecting his Father's Determinations, with regard to his future Fortunes. Since that I never heard farther from him, nor could my Diligence since procure me the least News of what was become of a Man, with whom I had such strong Connections of Friendship. I was suspected aboard of having been privy to his Designs, my Enemies insinuated as much to the Captain; but his Regards for me were too great to be influenced by Accusations of that Nature. Perhaps any other Slave on Board would have undergone the Bastonade, upon a like Suspicion;

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for the Rule is, that if any Slave knows, but conceals the intended Flight of another, he shall receive the Bastonade without Pity. Nay more, if any Slave escapes from his Seat, the five remaining, who belong to that Seat, and the twelve before and behind shall be punished with the Bastonade. This Law is a politic one, as it renders all careful to prevent each other's escaping; but then it is unjust, for by it a Man is punished for the Crimes of another. But as the Laws are made to defend the Rich, where can the Poor, where can a Galley Slave find Justice!

After *Goujon's* Escape, to my former Employment of Captain's Clerk was added that of Distributor of the Provisions. I discharged both those Trusts till the first of *October* 1712, when we were removed from *Dunkirk* to *Marseilles*. But let me first relate an Event, which preceded our Removal, as it had like to have been fatal in its Consequences.

Our Brethren of the *French* Churches in

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the United Provinces often supplied the Protestant Galley Slaves with Remittances of Money. These Sums generally passed thro' the Hands of a Banker of *Amsterdam*, who found means to lodge them in the Hands of some Correspondent at *Dunkirk* or *Marseilles*. One of my Friends at *Amsterdam*, an Elder of the Church, thought it would be paying me a peculiar Degree of Distinction, to make me Receiver of those Remittances. This was a very dangerous Employment; for if detected, the Slave is tortured with the Bastonade till he discovers the Merchant who has paid him the Money, and upon such a Discovery, the Merchant is ruined to all Intents and Purposes.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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